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TH

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA;

OR, THE

BATTLE OF THE FROG AND THE

WITH THE

HYMNS AND EPIGRAMS

BY

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

THOMAS FRANKLIN, M.A.

RICHARD DODGE, A.M.

AND

REVISED BY THE LONDON SOCIETY.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WHITTAKER AND ROWLAND,
GROSVENOR STREET.

WHOLESALE DEPOT, ALBANY, PICK ADILLY;
AND STRAUCHES COURT, DUNLAW STREET, AND
TAYLOR & DODGE, FINE ARTS STREET.

1824.



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PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,
Goswell Street,

FOR J. SHARPE, OPPOSITE ALBANY, PICCADILLY;
W. SUTTABY, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; AND
TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1810.



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HOMER'S
BATRACHOMUOMACHIA;
OR, THE
BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.
IN THREE BOOKS.

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *one who swells his cheeks.*
Peleus, *a name from mud.*
Hydromeduse, *a ruler in the waters.*
Hypsiboas, *a loud bawler.*
Pelion, *from mud.*
Scutellæus, *called from the beet.*
Polyphonus, *a great babbler.*
Lymnocharis, *one who loves the lake*
Crambophagus, *a cabbage-eater.*
Lymnisius, *called from the lake.*
Calaminthius, *from the herb.*
Hydrocharis, *who loves the water.*
Borboreates, *who lies in the mud.*
Prassophagus, *an eater of garlic.*
Pelusius, *from mud.*
Pelobates, *who walks in the dirt.*
Prassæus, *called from garlic.*
Crangasides, *from croaking.*

NAMES OF THE MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *one who plunders granaries.*
Troxartas, *a bread eater.*
Lychomille, *a lick of meal.*
Pternotractas, *a bacon eater.*
Lychopynax, *a lick of dishes.*
Embasichytros, *a creeper into pots.*
Lychenor, *a name for licking.*
Troglodytes, *one who runs into holes.*
Artophagus, *who feeds on bread.*
Tyroglyphus, *a cheese scooper.*
Pternoglyphus, *a bacon scooper.*
Pternophagus, *a bacon eater.*
Cnissodiocetes, *one who follows the steam of kitchens.*
Sitophagus, *an eater of wheat.*
Meridarpax, *one who plunders his share.*

HOMER'S
BATTLE OF THE FROGS,

&c.

BOOK I.

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial choir!
From Helicon's imbowering height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r;
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
How threatening Mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' tow'rs,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs.
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And just escap'd the stretching claws of death,
A gentle Mouse, whom cats pursued in vain,
Fled swift of foot across the neighbouring plain,
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
And dip'd his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head;
And from the waters, hoarse-resounding, said;—

‘ What art thou, stranger? what the line you boast?

What chance has cast thee panting on our coast?

With strictest truth let all thy words agree,

Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.

If worthy friendship, proffer’d friendship take,

And entering view the pleasurable lake:

Range o’er my palace, in my bounty share,

And glad return from hospitable fare.

This silver realm extends beneath my sway,

And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey.

Great Physignathus I, from Pelens’ race,

Begot in fair Hydromeduse’ embrace,

Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,

The swift Eridanus delights to glide.

Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim

A scepter’d King; a son of martial fame;

Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.’ —

Thus ceas’d the Frog, and thus the Mouse replies :

‘ Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly

Through wild expanses of the midway sky,

My name resonnds ; and if unknown to thee,

The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me.

Of brave Troxartas’ line, whose sleeky down

In love compress’d Lychomilè the brown :

My mother she, and princess of the plains

Where’er her father Pternotractas reigns :

Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,

With figs, with nuts, with varied dainties fed.

But since our natures nought in common know,

From what foundation can a friendship grow?

These curling waters o’er thy palace roll ;

But man’s high food supports my princely soul.

In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye.
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale.
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight :
Though large to mine the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear.
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dextrous skill,
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
Where Death his ambush plants around the bait :
All-dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent warriors of the tabby vest ;
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbliug race ;
But me, nor stalks nor watrish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
'The lake-resounding Frogs' selected fare,
Which not a Mouse of any taste can bear.'

As thus the downy prince his mind-express'd,
His answer thus the croaking king address'd :

' Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove :
We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And, born amphibious, food from both command.
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee through :

Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.'

He said, and bent his back ; with nimble bound
Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his arms around,
Then wondering floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears ;
He sighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for shore ;
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar ;
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake :

' So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way ;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah, safe at last ! may thus the Frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.'

As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo ! from the deep a water-Hydra rose ;
He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd, the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives, to shun the sable fates, below.
Forgetful Frog ! the friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore :
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief :
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.

The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
And thus the prince his dying rage express'd :

‘ Nor thou, that fling’st me floundering from thy
back,

As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,
Nor thou shalt ’scape thy due, perfidious king !

Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing :

At land thy strength could never equal mine,

At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.

But heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes :

Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers rise !

This said, he sighing gasp’d, and gasping died,

His death the young Lychopynax espied,

As on the flowery brink he pass’d the day,

Bask’d in the beams, and loiter’d life away.

Loud shrieks the Mouse, his shrieks the shores
repeat ;

The nibbling nation learn their hero’s fate ;

Grief, dismal grief, ensues ; deep murmurs sound,

And shriller fury fills the deafen’d ground.

From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,

To fix their council with the rising sun ;

Where great Troxartas crown’d in glory reigns,

And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains,

Psycarpax’ father, father now no more !

For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore ;

Supine he lies ! the silent waters stand,

And no kind billow wafts the dead to land !

BOOK II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds,
Slow rose the sovereign, heav'd his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, address'd :

‘ For lost Psycarpax much my soul endures,
’Tis mine the private grief, the public, yours.
Three warlike sons adorn’d my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas, before their father dead !
Our eldest perish’d by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat :
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap’d, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill’d my gallant boy !
The last, his country’s hope, his parent’s pride,
Plung’d in the lake by Physignathus, died.
Rouse all the war, my friends ! avenge the deed :
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.’

His words in every breast inspir’d alarms,
And careful Mars supplied their host with arms.
In verdant hulls, despoil’d of all their beans,
The buskin’d warriors stalk’d along the plains :
Quills, aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,
Fac’d with the plunder of a cat they flay’d :
The lamp’s round boss affords their ample shield ;
Large shells of nuts their covering helmet yield ;
And o’er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.

Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear ;
The wondering Frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forsake the waters, thickening from a ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring.
When near the crowd, disclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew :
The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his word express'd his king's command :
' Ye Frogs! the Mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance ;
Their hapless prince, by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the watry plain :
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try ;
Lead forth those Frogs that have the soul to die.'

The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling, yet perplex'd appear :
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame :

' O friends! I never forc'd the Mouse to death,
Nor saw the gasping of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming tried,
And, venturous, in the lake the wanton died.
To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head :
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.
Your king directs the way ; my thoughts, elate
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight :
Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouse arrest ;

Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
Down sink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flash the waters; and the shores resound:
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.'

He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close,
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the varied shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field:
And tapering sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dress'd for war, they take the' appointed
height,

Poise the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods assume their golden seats:
The sire superior leans, and points to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes
stride!

What length of lance they shake with warlike pride!
What eager fire their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the gods be foes.

This seen, the power his sacred visage rears,
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,

And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs assist?

Then thus to Pallas :—‘ If my daughter’s mind
Have join’d the Mice, why stays she still behind;
Drawn forth by savoury steams they wind their way,
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taste,
They sport to please the goddess of the feast.

Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies,
But thus, resolv’d, the blue-eyed maid replies :
‘ In vain, my father ! all their dangers plead ;
To such thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil :
(Ills following ills !) but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine :
Relentless wretches ! all the work was mine !
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot, and cross’d the silver thread ;
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve
(The gods, that use no coin, have none to give.
And learning’s goddess never less can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below).
Nor let the Frogs to win my succour sue,
Those clamorous fools have lost my favour too :
For late, when all the conflict ceas’d at night,
When my stretch’d sinews work’d with eager fight,
When, spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield ;
Lo ! from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
With noisy croakings half the nation rose,

Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear,
Lest heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.
Some daring Mouse may meet the wondrous odds,
Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.'

So mov'd the blue-eyed queen; her words persuade;
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

BOOK III.

Now front to front the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line :
The chiefs, conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud signal to the rushing war ; [sound,
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd horns
The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground,
Even Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.

First to the fight large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin slew :
The luckless warrior, fill'd with generous flame,
Stood foremost glittering in the post of fame ;
When in his liver struck, the javelin hung,
The Mouse fell thundering, and the target rung ;
Prone to the ground, he sinks his closing eye,
And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.

A spear at Pelion, Troglodytes cast,
The missive spear within the bosom pass'd ;
Death's sable shades the fainting Frog surround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embasichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
Transfix and quiver in his panting heart ;
But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound ;
Deep through the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph and a friend expire,
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought ;
(A warrior vers'd in arts of sure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate ;)
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eyelids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim ;
Through all the Frog the shining javelin flies,
And near the vanquish'd Mouse the victor dies.

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights,
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And, wildly floundering, flashes up the deep ;
Lychenor following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe ;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood ;
Through the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.

Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flowery vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.

The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthus shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursued,
Till fall'n in death he lies, a shattering stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone;
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Lychopynax with Borboreates fights,
A blameless Frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.

Incens'd Prassophagus with sprightly bound,
Bears Cnissodiocetes off the rising ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake, depriv'd of breath,
And, downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Psycarpax shines afar,
(Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war)
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver struck Pelusius dead;
His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud;

The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly sputtering, from the shore
A stone immense of size the warrior bore,
A load for labouring earth, whose bulk to raise
Asks ten degenerate Mice of modern days:
Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound;
The Frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
Till loud Craugasides arrests his course;
Hoarse-croaking threats precede, with fatal speed
Deep through the belly runs the pointed reed,
Then, strongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.

The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches rising weeds supply
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
There lurks the silent Mouse, reliev'd from heat,
And, safe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.

But here Troxartas, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear;
But where the foot around its ankle plies
Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind:
The Mouse still urges, still the Frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires.

Then pious ardour young Prassæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank, harmless Frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which, faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse :
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior, singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud ;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate :
And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.
But powerful Jove, who shows no less his grace
To Frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole ;
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The sire of gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and man :
 ' What seas of blood I view ! what worlds of slain !
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign ;
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-fur'd hero Meridarpax shakes !
Unless some favouring deity descend,
Soon will the Frogs' loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye :
While Mars, refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war.'

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats said :
 ' Nor Pallas, Jove ! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield ;
Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight ;

Not these can drive the desperate Mouse afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies.
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay,
When all the giant-race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.'

'Twas thus the' omnipotent advis'd the gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods ;
Deep lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.

Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground ;
The bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming passage through the skies :
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet still the Mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threatens the croaking line ;
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistants fill'd the frighted shore.

Pour'd from the neighbouring strand, deform'd
to view,

-They march, a sudden unexpected crew !
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows ;
In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go ;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below :
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command ;
From out the flesh their bones by nature stand ;
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders
rise,
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs ;

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With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd ;
Their round black eyeballs in their bosom plac'd ;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread ;
And either end alike supplies a head :

These, mortal wits to call the Crabs agree,
The gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes' tails with severing grasps they rend ;
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,
'There, without hands, upon the field they lie :
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap'd the cumber'd ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion through their host appear :
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.

But down Olympus to the western seas
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays ;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

HOMER'S
HYMN TO CERES;

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY RICHARD HOLE, LL. B.

— chartis nec furta nocent, et secula prosunt;
Solaque non norunt hæc monumenta mori.

Martial.



PREFACE.

THIS translation of the Hymn to Ceres was undertaken at the particular request of a gentleman, who favoured the world with a criticism on that most valuable fragment of antiquity, in the Appendix to the sixty-third volume of the Monthly Review; and to whose assistance the author acknowledges himself to have been greatly indebted.

The following extract from that criticism will, I apprehend, be sufficient to give the reader some general idea of the poem itself; and at the same time it will afford entertainment to the curious, to be informed of the extraordinary and unexpected circumstances which contributed to its publication.

The author of the criticism introduces his remarks with observing, that ‘ the discovery of this ancient and truly beautiful Greek poem was no less singular than interesting; and that the admirers of classic literature will think themselves under great obligations to the learned and ingenious editor ¹ for the pains he hath taken to gratify their curiosity, not only by an elegant edition of the poem itself, but by his very valuable notes and

¹ David Ruhnkenius, an eminent professor at the university of Leyden.

observations, which tend to illustrate its beauties, and to throw a light on some of its obscurities.

‘ Ruhnkenius informs us, that nothing was more distant from his expectations than the discovery of this Hymn to Ceres. He knew, indeed, that a poem, bearing that title, and ascribed to Homer, existed in the second century: but as it had long been considered as irretrievably lost, he had formed no hopes of ever seeing it rescued from the obscurity to which it had been consigned:—at least he could not have flattered himself, that on a discovery of so unexpected a treasure, the charge of presenting it to the public would have been intrusted to him.

‘ For the satisfaction of our readers, it is necessary to mention the most interesting particulars that relate to this singular and valuable discovery.

‘ Some years since, a German, Christian Frederic Matthæi, (who had been educated by the learned Ernesti, and credited the discipline of that celebrated master, by his skill and erudition,) was invited to settle at Moscow, and to assist in a plan of literature, for which his abilities and acquirements most eminently qualified him. On his arrival at that city, he was informed, equally to his astonishment and satisfaction, that a very copious treasure of Greek manuscript was deposited in the library of the Holy Synod, which no person in that country had either the abilities to make use of, or the curiosity to examine. Struck with the relation of a circumstance so unexpected, and at the same time so peculiarly flattering to the taste of this learned man, he immediately seized the opportunity that was luckily offered him, to ex-

plore this repository of hidden treasure. After having examined several curious books, he discovered a manuscript copy of the works of Homer, (written about the conclusion of the 14th century, but evidently a transcript from a very ancient and most valuable copy,) which, besides the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, contained also sixteen of the hymns, which had been long published under the name of Homer.—But this was not all. Twelve lines of a lost Hymn to Bacchus, and the Hymn to Ceres, were preserved in this curious and long unnoticed manuscript. Exulting, as indeed he well might, in an acquisition so unexpected, and at the same time so valuable; he, with singular disinterestedness, communicated it to our editor, that he might present it to the world without those delays which would, in all probability, have retarded the publication of it at Moscow.

‘Matthæi, indeed, was well acquainted with the talents and extraordinary erudition of Ruhnkenius; and as he knew too that his learned friend had been particularly engaged in the study of the hymns of Homer, in order to give the public a complete edition of them, he could not have intrusted this poem to the charge of a person more qualified to do justice to its publication than our editor. With this hymn many various readings, tending to illustrate and explain some obscure passages in those already published, were also communicated to Ruhnkenius.

‘The editor observes, that as there was only one copy of this Hymn to Ceres, to which he could have recourse, he was frequently obliged to call in the aid of conjecture, in order to determine the

reading, or guess at the sense, of some obscure passages. And when an editor makes so good a use of his ingenuity² as Ruhnkenius, the most scrupulous and fastidious critic will scarcely be disposed to find fault with him.

‘The editor declines the hazardous task of translation. We are sorry, that his scruples on this head should have deprived us of a pleasure, which we are sure he could have given us by a Latin version of this hymn. It is certain, that translations have been (as our editor says) the source of contentions; and we may add, that they have frequently been made the refuge of indolence. Nevertheless, they have their peculiar uses; and we hope ere long to see a translation of this poem executed with correctness and taste by some learned and ingenious hand. Such a translation would insure its own success; and would be as acceptable to the learned, as to those who are incapable of reading the poem with ease and fluency in the original.

‘Having given a general account of the discovery of this Hymn to Ceres, the editor examines with what propriety it may lay claim to the muse of Homer for its birth.

‘Pausanias³ hath asserted more than once, and

² Ad ingenium, codicis vicarum, confugi.’

Ruhn.

³ ‘Homernum hymni auctorem edit. testis idoneus, Pausanias, nec semel, et quasi prætereundo, sed quatuor locis, et constanter, Attic. 38. bis. Messen. 30. Corinth. 14.’—See Ruhnkenius’s preface, page 6. N. B. The lines quoted by Pausanias from this hymn have but a slight verbal variation, (together with the transposition of a line) easy enough to be accounted for from the inadvertence of some copyist; unless he himself made the mistake by having quoted from memory.

that not accidentally, but by design, that Homer had written such a hymn: and the old scholiast on the *Alexipharmics* of Nicander speaks of hymns that were attributed to Homer, in which a circumstance relating to Ceres is mentioned⁴. But this hymn records no such circumstance; and therefore the editor conjectures, that the critic, through forgetfulness or inadvertence, mistook Homer for Orpheus: or else he must have seen another hymn ascribed to Homer different from the present.

‘As to Pausanias, our editor hints, that his judgment with respect to the subject of Homer’s hymns is not to be implicitly followed. He allows this writer great merit, as a critic; but thinks, that the splendour of the subject too much dazzled his understanding to permit him to decide with impartiality.

⁴ The old scholiast, in the passage referred to above, says, ‘That the goddess laughed at the ludicrous speeches of Iambe, as is related in the hymns ascribed to Homer.’ Now since Ruhnkenius can discover no trace of such a circumstance in this hymn, he suspects that the old critic, through forgetfulness, had confounded it with one of the hymns of Orpheus; or else that he had read some other hymn besides the present, which bore the name of Homer, and recorded this incident of Ceres and Iambe.

And yet it is by no means certain but that this may be the very hymn referred to by the scholiast on Nicander; for it is worthy of observation, that immediately after Iambe is introduced by the poet, as accommodating the goddess with a seat, there is undoubtedly an omission of some lines, which are necessary to connect one passage with another. In its present state, it is abrupt and disjointed: from whence this question naturally arises:—May it not be presumed, that the incident above mentioned occurred in the lines which are lost in the present copy?

‘ He ingeniously acknowledgeth, that he hath some doubts, with respect to the high and illustrious origin ascribed to this hymn. But as no positive external evidence can be produced to determine the point, he chooses to rest his argument on, what appears to him, the more certain ground of internal proof; and observes, that though it be exquisitely beautiful, yet that it is evidently deficient in some of Homer’s more striking and predominant characteristics. It wants his energy and spirit:—that vigour, that inspiration, which animates and gives an irresistible power, as well as an enchanting beauty, to the poems of that sublime and inimitable bard.

‘ But though this poem be dispossessed of the claim ascribed to it in the old manuscript of Moscow, viz. as the production of Homer, yet the editor hesitates not to give it the honour of very high antiquity. He is of opinion, that it was written immediately after Homer; or at least in the age of Hesiod. The *Χρῆς ἀρχαιοπινῆς*—the venerable wrinkles of hoary age, are deeply marked on the very face of it. This will be visible to all that are skilled in the Greek classics. Such will perceive, and as it were feel, its antiquity, by a sensation that cannot be communicated or explained to the reader who hath not been particularly conversant in those studies.

‘ The editor congratulates the age on the discovery of this curious poem,—rescued by mere accident from the darkest retreats of oblivion; and perhaps, but at a slight distance from inevitable perdition.—He deems it to be an acquisition, not only calculated to gratify the curiosity of the con-

noisseurs in classic antiquity, or to entertain those lovers of Greek poetry whose studies are made subservient to a refined and elegant species of amusement; but he also esteems it, as of particular use to the critic, as it tends to illustrate some obscure passages both in the Greek and Latin poets.

‘He closes his preface with observing, that content with the honour of publishing this hymn, he leaves the further comparison of it with the other poets of antiquity, for the sake of mutual illustration, to the skill and industry of other critics.’

To the preceding remarks it may not be improper to add, that the account which Apollodorus hath given of Ceres, agrees with such peculiar exactness (a few incidents excepted) with the essential and leading circumstances of this hymn, that I imagine the curious reader would be pleased to see it entire; and at the same time it may be considered as a general argument to the hymn itself.

‘Pluto, being inflamed with a violent love for Proserpine, carries her off secretly by the assistance of Jupiter.—Ceres traverses the earth day and night with lighted torches in quest of her. Having learned from some skilled in divination, that she was conveyed away by Pluto—enraged at the gods, she forsakes heaven, and assumes the form of a woman.’ She goes to Eleusina, and sits down at first on a stone called Agelaston, from the grief she then suffered, not far from the fountain Callichorus;—from thence she proceeds to the house of Celeus,

⁵ The lines marked with inverted commas perfectly agree with the story of the poem.

at that time king of Eleusis, and is introduced to the females of his family; by whom being requested to sit down, an old woman, called Iambe, excites mirth by reviling the goddess. On which account, it is said, a licence of speech is allowed to women when performing the mystical rites of Ceres.

‘Celeus at that time had a son by Metarina, whom Ceres undertook to nurse; and being willing to make him immortal, she placed the child by night in the midst of the fire; by that means to take from him the corruptible part of his nature. The child, who was called Demophon, grew and flourished daily beyond belief. Metanira watched the actions of the goddess, and cried aloud when she saw him covered with fire.—On this, the child was instantly taken out, and Ceres revealed herself.’ She then prepared a chariot for Triptolemus, Metarina’s eldest son, drawn by winged dragons, that he should travel in it over the world, and instruct mankind in sowing wheat, which she gave him for that purpose.

‘In the meantime, Jupiter commanded Pluto to restore Proserpine. But he, fearing she would stay a long time with her mother⁶, gave her the seed of the pomegranate to eat; which she did in obedience to his commands, not foreseeing the consequence.’—Ceres placed a heavy stone over Ascalaphus, (the son of Acheron and Gorgyra) in the infernal regions, for bearing false testimony against her. ‘At last Proserpine was compelled

⁶ Ποιὰς ἔδωκε φαλεῖν ποικίλον, are literally the words made use of by the poet in this hymn.

to stay with Pluto one third of the year ⁷, and the other part she spent with the gods.'—This is what they relate of Ceres. Ap. l. 1. c. 5.

I shall not enter into a particular discussion of the nature or merits of the Hymn to Ceres.—In the following attempt to translate it, I equally wished to avoid the extremes of a servile version, and a diffuse imitation. How far I have succeeded in adhering to the sense of the poet, without abridging the privilege of a free translator, must be left to the determination of the candid reader.

7 Ovid indeed represents the matter otherwise.

*Nunc dea regnorum numen commune duorum,
Cum matre est totidem, totidem cum conjuge menses.*
Metam. lib. v.

But the account of Apollodorus agrees, in this respect, with the hymn; and the general similarity is so striking, that one would imagine he had copied from it.

HYMN TO CERES.

CERES, to thee belongs the votive lay,
Whose locks in radiance round thy temples play,
And Proserpine, whom, distant from thy sight,
Fierce Pluto bore to realms of endless night.
For thus decreed the god, whose piercing eyes
Trace every act, whose thunder shakes the skies,
That she, whose hands the golden sickle bear,
And choicest product of the circling year,
Rich fruits, and fragrant breathing flowers, should
know

The tender conflicts of maternal woe.

In Nisia's vale, with nymphs a lovely train,
Sprung from the hoary father of the main,
Fair Proserpine consum'd the fleeting hours
In pleasing sports, and pluck'd the gaudy flowers.

Around them wide the flamy crocus glows,
Through leaves of verdure blooms the opening rose ;
The hyacinth declines his fragrant head,
And purple violets deck the' enamell'd mead.

The fair Narcissus far above the rest,
By magic form'd, in beauty rose confess'd.
So Jove, to' ensnare the virgin's thoughtless mind,
And please the ruler of the shades design'd.
He caus'd it from the opening earth to rise,
Sweet to the scent, alluring to the eyes.

Never did mortal, or celestial power,
 Behold such vivid tints adorn a flower.
 From the deep root an hundred branches sprung,
 And to the winds ambrosial odours flung;
 Which, lightly wafted on the wings of air,
 The gladden'd earth and heaven's wide circuit share.
 The joy-dispensing fragrance spreads around,
 And ocean's briny swell with smiles is crown'd³².

Pleas'd at the sight, nor dreaming danger nigh,
 The fair beheld it with desiring eye:
 Her eager hand she stretch'd to seize the flower,
 (Beauteous illusion of the' ethereal power!)
 When, dreadful to behold, the rocking ground
 Disparted—widely yawn'd a gulf profound!—
 Forth rushing from the black abyss, arose
 The gloomy monarch of the realm of woes,
 Pluto, from Saturn sprung—the trembling maid
 He seiz'd, and to his golden car convey'd.
 Borne by immortal steeds the chariot flies:
 And thus she pours her supplicating cries—
 ' Assist, protect me, thou who reign'st above,
 Supreme and best of gods, paternal Jove!
 But ah! in vain the hapless virgin rears
 Her wild complaint——nor god nor mortal hears!—
 Not to the white-arm'd nymphs with beauty
 crown'd⁴⁹,
 Her lov'd companions, reach'd the mournful sound.

32. And ocean's briny swell with smiles is crown'd.

The same figure is used by the Psalmist somewhat heightened.—'The valleys shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing.' Psal. lxxv. 14.

49. Not to the white-arm'd nymphs with beauty crown'd,
 Her lov'd companions reach'd the mournful sound.'

The original is, καὶ ἀγλαῶκαρποι θλαῖαι; 'neither did the

Pale Hecate, who in the cell of night
 Muses on youthful pleasure's rapid flight;
 And bright Hyperion's son, who decks the skies
 With splendour, only heard the virgin's cries
 Invoke the father of the' ethereal powers—
 But he, at distance from their airy bowers ⁵⁶,
 Sits in his hallow'd fane;—his votaries hears,
 Accepts their offerings, and rewards their prayers :
 While hell's dread ruler in his car convey'd
 To realms of darkness the reluctant maid.

Long as she view'd the star-bespangled skies,
 And ocean's many teeming waters rise ;

beautiful-fruited olives bear her.' This passage Rubnkenius gives up as unintelligible. Probably *στραιας* should be read instead of *πλασαι*, and in that case it would signify; 'Neither did her beautiful-wristed (white-armed) companions hear her voice.' *Αγλαοκαρπος* is used by Pindar in that sense, and applied to Thetis in his third Nemean ode.

⁵⁶. But he, at distance from their airy bowers,
 Sits in his hallow'd fane'—

This idea is very consistent with the imperfect system of heathen polythelism in the earlier ages of Greece, when it was supposed Jupiter himself could know nothing of any transaction, unless locally present. Thus Thetis advises Achilles to leave the army, and retire to his ships; and promises that, when Jupiter returned from a feast in Ethiopia, she would request him to favour their cause. This passage is thus elegantly translated by Mr. Pope—

The sire of gods, and all the' ethereal train,
 On the warm limits of the furthest main,
 Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
 The feast of Ethiopia's blameless race,
 Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite :
 Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
 Then will I mount, &c.

Il. lib. 1. l. 554

While earth's gay verdure fled not from her view,
 Nor Phœbus yet his cheerful light withdrew;
 So long the ray of hope illum'd her breast,
 Nor sunk her soul; undaunted though distress'd.
 Her mother still she thought would meet her sight,
 And friendly powers who dwelt in realms of light.—
 E'en ocean's depth resounded to her cry,
 And lofty mountains towering to the sky!

At length, the shrieks of woe her mother hears—
 Her heavenly breast the shaft of anguish tears:
 The blooming wreath she from her brow unbinds;
 Rends her bright locks, and gives them to the winds:
 Then (mournful emblem of her inward woes!)
 A sable veil athwart her shoulders throws ⁷⁶.

⁷⁶ A sable veil athwart her shoulders throws.

Ceres is said to have worn a black veil by the Grecian poets, either as a sign of sorrow for the loss of Proserpine, or to conceal her grief from observation. But it was used as an ornamental part of dress, richly embroidered and transparent, in very early ages. Homer describes a beautiful one offered by the Trojan matrons at the altar of Minerva: (Il. lib. 6. l. 293.) And Penelope's is thus described by Pope, in his translation of the eighteenth book of his *Odyssey*.

'A veil translucent o'er her brow display'd,
 Her beauty seems, and only seems to shade.'

We find Rebecca makes use of one, on being informed that Isaac was approaching to meet her, (Gen. xxiv. 65.) When Judah meets Tamar likewise, she is described as covering herself with a veil, (Gen. xxxviii. 14.) This phrase is rather remarkable, as Judah, on that account possibly, supposed her to be a courtesan; and it is said, that slaves formerly in Greece wore larger veils than other people. Euripides makes Andromache complain in his play of that name—'I was conducted from my husband's bed to the strand, my face covered with the veil of a captive.' It is well known, that the veil of female

As some fond bird her ravish'd young deplores;
 And every secret shade in vain explores;
 To seek the fair she flies o'er sea and land,
 The burning torches waving in her hand.
 Nor gods, nor men, the author of her woes
 Unfold—no birds of omen'd flight disclose.

Nine tedious days in vain, the queen ador'd
 The various regions of the earth explor'd;
 Nor did she taste, while she her course pursued,
 The balmy nectar, or ambrosial food;
 Nor ever in the cool translucent wave,
 Toil's sweet relief, her form of beauty lave.

On the tenth morn, as chasing night's dull gloom,
 Aurora's beams the purpled east illum'd,
 Pale Hecate before her view appear'd,
 Her hand the faintly-gleaming taper rear'd,
 And thus began: 'O thou! to whom we owe
 Those joys, the season's circling flight bestow;
 What god, what mortal dar'd the impious deed,
 That makes a heavenly breast with sorrow bleed?
 I heard thy daughter's voice implore relief;
 Unknown to me the author of her grief⁹⁸——'

slaves in the Levant, at present, covers the whole body; and that the Greeks have been more tenacious of their old customs than most other nations. May not this account for the daughters of Celus, though struck with the venerable appearance of Ceres, proposing an employment to her, on seeing her wear a veil appropriated to women of inferior rank, which, otherwise, would have scarcely been consistent with their amiable characters? (See l. 275.)

⁹⁸ Unknown to me the author of her grief.

Some part of Hecate's speech appears to have been lost. She relates nothing more to Ceres, than what she knew before; and yet, from what follows, one would suppose that her information had conveyed to the goddess some additional cause for grief and vexation.

She ceas'd ; nor did the goddess make reply,
But sudden wav'd the flaming torch on high,
And sought the ruler of the day ; whose sight
From the pure regions of unclouded light
All actions views.—Before his car they came ;
The burning car, and horses breathing flame,
Stopp'd sudden. Ceres thus : ' O Phœbus, hear !
My fame, my ancient dignity revere !
If e'er my blessings gave thy soul delight,
Those blessings now by friendship's act requite :
A daughter late was mine of beauteous form—
(Sweet tender plant, uprooted by a storm !)
Distant I heard her loud lamenting cries ;
But fate severe denied her to my eyes.
O thou ! who crown'd with ether's purest light,
Through earth and ocean dart'st thy boundless sight,
Tell me what god, what mortal has convey'd
Reluctant from these arms my darling maid ?'
' Daughter of Rhea ! (he replied) I hear
With grief thy wrongs, and dignity revere.
Blame not the' ethereal race—from heaven's dread
king, [spring.
Who dwells 'mid blackening clouds, thy sorrows
Pluto, by his decree the virgin bore,
Where darkly frowning on the' infernal shore,
His lofty palace stands—no more repine ;
No cause for anguish nor for shame is thine.
He, brother to the god who rules on high,
Now hails her empress of the lower sky :
For Saturn's awful race superior reign
O'er heaven, o'er hell, and earth-encircling main.'

He said ; and then (his course no more delay'd)
Spoke to his fiery steeds—his steeds obey'd.

Whirl'd rapid onwards through the' illumin'd skies,
 The flame-rob'd chariot kindles as it flies :
 Swift, as when rushing through the blaze of day,
 Darts the fierce eagle on his distant prey.

But deeper anguish rends the mother's soul,
 And thoughts of vengeance in her bosom roll ;
 She shuns the' imperious power who rules on high,
 And quits the' immortal synod of the sky.
 Then, furious from Olympus' airy height
 To earth precipitates her rapid flight.
 There mingling with the race of man, she shares
 Their various toils—consum'd with grief appears
 Her beauteous form ;—unknown from shore to shore
 She roves ; till Celeus' hospitable door
 Receives her steps—He in Eleusis reign'd,
 Where still her rites and honours are maintain'd.

Beside a path, while o'er her drooping head
 His grateful shade the verdant olive spread ;
 As by her feet Parthenius' waters flow,
 She sits, a pallid spectacle of woe.
 Her faded cheeks no more with beauty bloom'd,
 But now the form of wrinkled age assum'd,
 She seem'd like those whom each attractive grace
 Forsakes, when time with wrinkles marks the face ;
 From whom the Cyprian power indignant flies,
 Her gifts refuses, and her charms denies ;
 Who, in some regal dome, by fate severe,
 Are doom'd to nurse, and serve another's heir.

Four gentle nymphs light-moving o'er the plain ¹⁵⁹
 Approach ; four brazen urns their arms sustain—

¹⁵⁹ Four gentle nymphs light-moving o'er the plain
 Approach.—

This circumstance is mentioned by Pausanias, and bears
 some resemblance to that beautiful passage in Genesis, which

Great Cereus was their sire—he bade them bring
 The limpid water from Parthenius' spring.
 Lovely they seem'd as heaven's immortal powers :
 Youth's purple light, and beauty's opening flowers
 Glow'd on their cheeks—Callidice the fair,
 And meek Claudidice with pensive air ;
 Then Demo, and Callithoe's riper grace
 Appear'd, the eldest of the lovely race.

'They hail the power unknown—(For mortal eyes
 How hard to penetrate a god's disguise!) [appears
 ' Who, and whence art thou, dame! whose brow
 Mark'd by the traces of revolving years?
 Why dost thou shun yon peopled town? in grief
 Why lonely sit?—there thou wilt find relief:
 There, matrons, like thyself, who long the load
 Of life have borne, and traced its rugged road,
 Employed in labours, such as best engage
 The pleas'd attention of declining age,
 With tender maids thy sorrows shall condole,
 And acts of friendship cheer thy drooping soul !'
 ' Hail nymphs unknown! (the goddess thus rejoin'd,)
 Accept the tribute of a grateful mind.

gives so pleasing an idea to the simplicity and artless benevolence of the primitive times.—When Rebecca went with her pitcher to the well, and found there the servant of Abraham—he ran to meet her, and said, ' Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher—And she said, ' Drink, my Lord ;' and she hasted and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And when she had done giving him drink, she said ; ' I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking.' And she hasted, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels.' Gen. xxiv. 17. Can modern politeness exceed the humanity of the action, or refinement in language improve the description of it !

Would you the story of my sorrows know,
Attend to no fictitious tale of woe¹⁸⁴.

‘ Reluctant from the Cretan coast I came ;
Dear native land ! and Doris is my name.
To ruffians’ force who plough the watery way,
I fell a helpless, unresisting prey.
The bark bounds swiftly o’er the liquid main,
And soon the coast of Thericus we gain.

¹⁸⁴ Attend to no fictitious tale of woe.

Reluctant from the Cretan coast I came.

This affirmation of truth, by way of proem to a fabulous relation, seems to reflect no great credit on the integrity of Ceres, or judgment of the bard. It is, however, no uncommon mode of beginning a narrative story among the Grecian poets ; and Proserpine uses nearly the same expression, when she acquaints Ceres with the manner in which she was carried off by Pluto. Ulysses, in giving a false account of himself to Minerva, begins with assuring her, that he would speak merely what was true, and then says he was of Cretan extraction. (Od. lib. 14. l. 192.) What is rather remarkable, in giving two other feigned accounts of himself, he declares that he was born in Crete. (Od. lib. 13. l. 256. and lib. 19. l. 181.) From these concurrent circumstances, may not Cretan falsehood* have been a proverbial expression long before the days of Epimenides, and glanced at both in the Odyssey and in this poem ?

It is somewhat strange that people of suspected characters in regard to truth, generally preface their speeches with some compliment to their own veracity, or with expressing a detestation of falsehood ; and, if they mean to deceive, begin with protesting that they had no such design ; though true policy would suggest to them the expediency of avoiding the slightest insinuation which might lead even to a suspicion of deceit. But the language of falsehood has been similar in all ages ; and the Roman poet, with great judgment, makes Simon, after having mentioned the only true circumstance of his story, proceed in this manner—

* Κρητις αἰ ψευσταί.

'The vessel safely moor'd—a female band
Prepare the banquet on the neighbouring strand;
Whilst wide around us eve's grey vapours rise,
And her dim shades roll slowly through the skies.
But, deeply-musing on my woes, I pine,
Nor share the feast, nor taste the cheerful wine.
When through the sky night's deeper gloom was
spread,

Unnotic'd, trembling o'er the beach I fled.
The spoilers' lust of gold I rendered vain;
Unransom'd, thus escap'd the galling chain
Of servitude—long time from shore to shore
I wander'd—various toils and perils bore.
To me e'en now unknown, ere you unfold,
The land I tread, the people I behold.

‘To you, ye virgins! may the’ ethereal powers,
Who o’er Olympus dwell in airy bowers,
Shed choicest favours! may your consorts prove
Of lovely form, deserving of your love!
And be your children with such beauty bless’d,
As hope can image in a parent’s breast!
Then gentle maids, in pity to my woes,
How best I can obtain relief, disclose,
In yonder town—with pleasure I’ll engage
In tasks best suited to my feeble age.

—' *nec si miserum fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemq; improba finget.*
Æn. l. 2.

'Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy
The frowns of fortune, and abhors a lie.'

Virgil is perhaps more conspicuous for his intimate acquaintance with the minute recesses of the human heart, than for the extent of his knowledge or the sublimity of his genius.

Well-skill'd in household toils, to please my lord
The couch I'll spread, and crown his festive board :
Or should a child be trusted to my care, [bear.
These arms shall nurse him, and these knees shall

She ceas'd.—The loveliest of a lovely line
(Callidice) replied, ' No more repine !
But know, whate'er the immortal gods ordain,
It is our part to suffer, not complain——
Enough for us that justice rules their mind,
Whose wisdom, like their power, is unconfin'd.
The chiefs, who here supreme dominion hold,
Be it my task, O stranger ! to unfold :
Through whom, Eleusis hostile rage defies ;
Beneath whose care yon guardian ramparts rise ;
From whom protecting law derives its force,
And awful justice holds its steady course.
Triptolemus, of deep revolving mind,
Diocles noble, Polyxenus kind ;
With every milder grace Eumolpus crown'd,
And stately Dolichus in arms renown'd.
Superior to the rest, o'er these domains,
Our honour'd sire, the mighty Celens reigns—
Each chief a lovely consort boasts, who guides
Domestic labours, and at home presides :
Not one of them who would thy suit reject,
But soothe thy sorrows, and thy age respect ;
For sure, thou seem'st of more than mortal race,
Though time with wrinkles marks thy pallid face,
But if thou here wilt rest, without delay
We'll to our mother's ears thy tale convey,
If she approves, accept a welcome there—
An only child, an unexpected heir,
Born to his parents in declining age,
Our darling pleasure, will thy cares engage.

Should'st thou preserve him (kindly thus employ'd)
Till ripening manhood make thy labours void,
Such gifts hereafter he'll on thee bestow,
As those will envy most, who best shall know.'

The virgin ceas'd ; nor aught the goddess said,
But bow'd submissive her assenting head.
The liquid crystal fills their polish'd urns ;
Each nymph exulting to the town returns.

Arriv'd at Celeus' dome, they quick disclose
The stranger's humble suit, and tale of woes
To Metanira *—pleas'd at the request,
Maternal fondness glowing in her breast,
She bids them to the matron thus declare,
That ' ample treasures should reward her care.'

Like the kine's lowing race, that sportive bound
Along the plain with flowery verdure crown'd ;
Or the sleek fawn, when he at first perceives
Spring's genial warmth, and crops the budding
leaves ;

Thus joyful through the beaten road they pass'd,
With robes collected to promote their haste.
Their tresses, like the crocus' flamy hue,
In waving radiance round their shoulders flew.

Now to the place, where sat the heavenly dame
Beside the murmuring stream, the virgins came.
Their mother's suit they urge, nor she denies—
While thoughts of sorrow in her bosom rise,
Wrapt in the sable veil, her course she bends ;
The robe dark-flowing to her feet descends.

Soon they approach to Celeus' stately gate ;
Within the lofty hall the mother† sate
Beside the threshold—frequent to her breast
The child, the darling of her soul, she press'd.

* The wife of Celeus.

† Metanira.

Each nymph to greet her much-lov'd parent flies,
While Ceres distant stands in humble guise.

Lo ! suddenly before their wondering sight
Her form, increasing, to the temple's height
Ascends—her head with circling rays is crown'd,
And wide the' ethereal splendour spreads around !

Awe, veneration, seiz'd the mother's breast,
And pallid fear was on her cheeks impress'd—
Upstarting from her couch she'd fain resign
The seat resplendent to her guest divine :
With looks unwilling she the suit denies,
And fixes on the ground her radiant eyes.
But kind Iambe with a modest mien
A seat provided for the Seasons' queen :
A lambkin's snowy fleece she o'er it spread ;—
Still deeply musing nought the goddess said :
But round her head the dusky mantle drew ²⁹⁷,
To hide her deep-felt anguish from their view.

* * * * *

' Be it thy care to nurse this lovely boy,
Child of my age, an unexpected joy [cares
By favouring gods bestow'd !—should, through thy
My Demophon arrive at manhood's years ;

²⁹⁷—' the dusky mantle drew

To hide her deep-felt anguish from their view.

Here probably should follow the lines which the Scholiast on Nicander alludes to.—(See Preface,) and likewise some explanation of the miraculous appearance assumed by Ceres, which induced them not to look on her as a goddess ; but to consider it as a sign of her being favoured by some deity, or an omen of divine approbation in regard to her taking charge of Demophon—Something of this kind seems to be wanting ; for by the few lines of Metanira's speech that are preserved, and immediately follow, we find her impressed with no veneration for Ceres, but speaking to her with the greatest freedom.

Others shall at thy happier state repine,
Such high rewards, such treasure shall be thine !

‘ O woman ! favour’d by the powers of heaven,
To whom the gods this beauteous child have given,
(Ceres replied) I take with joy thy heir—
No nurse unskill’d receives him to her care :
Nor magic spell, nor roots of mighty power,
From earth’s dark bosom torn at midnight hour,
Shall hurt thy offspring—to defeat each charm,
And herb malignant of its power disarm,
Full well I know.’—She said, and to her breast
The infant clasp’d, and tenderly caress’d.

Thus Ceres nurs’d the child—exulting joy
Reign’d in his parents’ hearts—meanwhile the boy
Grew like an offspring of ethereal race :
Health crown’d his frame, and beauty deck’d his face,
No mortal food he ate :—the queen ador’d
Around him oft ambrosial odours pour’d ;
Oft as the child was on her bosom laid,
She heavenly influence to his soul convey’d.
At night, to purge from earthly dross his frame,
She kindled on the hearth the’ annealing flame ;
And like a brand, unmark’d by human view,
Amid the fire wide-blazing frequent threw
The’ unconscious child—his parents wondering
trace

Something divine, a more than mortal grace,
Shine in his form ;—and she design’d the boy,
To chance superior, and to time’s annoy,
Crown’d with unceasing joys in heaven should
reign—

Those thoughts a mother’s rashness render’d vain !

One fatal night, neglectful of repose,
Her couch forsaking, Metanira rose ;

And from her secret stand beheld the flame
 Receive the infant.—Terror shakes her frame !
 She shrieks in agony—she smites her thighs ³³⁷ ;
 And thus she pours her loud-lamenting cries.—

‘ O Demophon, my child ! this stranger-guest,
 What causeless rage, what frenzy has possess’d ?
 Consuming flames around thy body roll,
 And anguish rends thy mother’s tortur’d soul !’

Wrath seiz’d the goddess ; her immortal hands
 Sudden she plung’d amid the fiery brands ;
 And full before the’ afflicted mother’s view,
 On the cold floor the blameless infant threw,
 And furious thus began : ‘ O mortals vain !
 Whose folly counteracts what gods ordain !
 Who lost in error’s maze, will never know
 Approaching blessings from impending woe !
 Long, for the rashness that thy soul possess’d,
 Shall keen reflection agonize thy breast,
 For, by that oath which binds the powers supreme
 I swear ! by sable Styx’ infernal stream !

337 She shrieks in agony—she smites her thighs.

This was a common method among the ancients of expressing grief, or any violent emotion of the mind.—Plutarch, in his life of Fabius, says, ‘ That he struck his thigh on seeing his troops flying from their enemies :’—probably through shame and vexation. Asiaticus expresses rage and indignation in the same manner.—Il. lib. 12. l. 162. And Achilles his surprise and anger.—Il. lib. 15. l. 125.—In the holy scripture it is represented as a sign of sorrow and unfeigned repentance. Thus Jeremy, xxxi. 19. ‘ Surely after that I was turned, I repented ; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh.’ And Ezekiel much to the same purport says, xxi. 12. ‘ Cry and howl, son of man ! for it shall be upon my people : it shall be upon all the princes of Israel—terrors by reason of the sword shall be upon my people : smite therefore upon thy thigh !’—i. e. in token of grief and contrition.

Else had thy son in youth's perpetual prime
 Shar'd heavenly joys, and mock'd the rage of time.
 But now 'tis past ! from fate he cannot fly !—
 Man's common lot is his—he breathes to die !—
 But since a goddess on her knees caress'd
 Thy child—since oft he slumber'd on her breast,
 Fame shall attend his steps, and bright renown
 With wreaths unfading shall his temples crown.
 In future times, torn by discordant rage,
 Eleusis' sons commutual war shall wage ;
 Then Demophon——

* * * * *

' Know then that Ceres, from whose bounty flow
 Those blessings the revolving years bestow,
 Who, both from gods and man's frail race demands
 Her honours due, before thy presence stands.
 Away, and let Eleusis' sons unite,
 Where steep Callichorus' projecting height
 Frowns o'er the plain, a stately fane to rear :
 Her awful rites its goddess shall declare.
 There with pure hearts upon the hallow'd shrine
 Your victims slay, and soothe a power divine !'

This said ; the front of age so late assum'd
 Dissolv'd—her face with charms celestial bloom'd.
 The sacred vesture that around her flew,
 Through the wide air ambrosial odours threw :
 Her lovely form with sudden radiance glow'd ;
 Her golden locks in wreaths of splendour flow'd.
 Through the dark palace stream'd a flood of light,
 As cloud-engender'd fires illumine the night
 With dazzling blaze—then swiftly from their view,
 Urg'd by indignant rage, the goddess flew.

In Metanira's breast amazement reign'd :—
 Silent she stood ; nor long her knees sustain'd

Their tottering weight—she sunk in grief profound.
The child neglected, shrieking on the ground
Beside her lay : his agonizing cries
The sisters hear, and from their couches rise :
They snatch him from the floor—the fire suppress'd
One lights anew—one fondly to her breast
The infant folds—by filial duty sway'd,
Another hastes to Metanira's aid.
And now they gather'd round the' afflicted child,
And bath'd his beauteous form with dust defil'd :
With broken sobs he ceas'd not to complain ;
A different nurse he sought, but sought in vain.

To soothe the goddess' rage, with awe impress'd,
In deep consult they pass'd the hours of rest ;
Till night her dreary shadows roll'd away,
And bright Aurora brought the cheerful day :
Then, as she bade, around whose brow divine,
The blooming flowers, a lovely wreath entwine,
They, to the ruler of Elensis' state,
The wonders of the' eventful night relate.

The sages of the land conven'd, his will
He thus unfolds ; ' that on the' impending hill
Of steep Callichorus, to the' bright hail'd power
An altar raise, and stately temple tower.'
Gladly the chiefs assent—with busy care
The people soon the splendid fabric rear.
A power superior aids their warm desire ;—
They hail the omen, and with joy retire.

There Ceres, distant from the powers divine,
Sits deeply musing in her hallow'd shrine.
The eager wish to view her daughter's face,
Again to fold her with a fond embrace,
Consumes her beauteous form—alternate roll
The tides of grief and vengeance in her soul.

She to the earth her genial power denies :
The corn unfruitful in its bosom lies ;
The oxen draw the crooked plough in vain,
No waving verdure decks the blasted plain ;
Pale famine spreads around —each mortal breast
Is sunk with woe, and by despair possess'd.
One common fate had now involv'd them all,
And the bless'd gods who in the' ærial hall
Of high Olympus reign, by man ador'd,
Their votaries' vows, and offerings had deplor'd :
But Jove revolving on the ill's design'd
By Ceres ;—to appease her wrathful mind,
Sends the bright goddess of the splendid bow,
Whose gold-bespangled wings with lustre glow—
Through yielding air with matchless speed she flew ;
Elensis' temple rose before her view,
There, while rich incense wafted fragrance round,
Clad in her sable veil the queen she found,
And thus began : ' The ruler of the sky
Calls thee to meet the' assembled gods on high—
O haste! with them celestial pleasures prove ;
Nor fruitless be the words that come from Jove!'
Iris in vain her soothing words address'd ;
The goddess yields not to her kind request ;
In vain, at his command who sways the skies,
The' immortals sue—she hears and she denies :
Their proffer'd honours, and their gifts disdains,
And in her breast relentless vengeance reigns.
Firmly resolv'd, where high Olympus' towers
She ne'er would mingle with the' ethereal powers,
Nor fruitful earth's productive force renew,
Till her lov'd daughter met her longing view.

When the dread power whose thunder shakes
the skies,
From whose keen sight no act unnotic'd lies,

Heard her determin'd will; he gave command
To Maia's son, who bears the golden wand,
That straight to Erebus he wing'd his way,
And woo the god whom shadowy forms obey
With words persuasive; that his queen ador'd
In Stygian realms, might be to heaven restor'd,
And mingling with the powers celestial, ease
Her mother's anxious soul, and wrath appease.

Hermes obeys, and from the realms of day
To Tartarus directs his rapid way;
There, in the centre of the earth profound,
The monarch of the' infernal realms he found
High-thron'd in gloomy state—beside her lord
Fair Proserpine her mother's loss deplor'd,
Who, deep-revolving in her troubled mind,
Dire vengeance 'gainst the' ethereal race design'd.

Hermes began: 'O thou! whose awful head
Is crown'd with sable locks—to whom the dead
Submissive reverence pay—the sire of gods,
Great Jove decrees, that from these dark abodes,
By me, thy consort, crown'd with beauty's charms,
Should be to heaven restor'd, and Ceres' arms.
For know, such vengeful thoughts her soul inspire,
That e'en the' immortal gods must feel her ire.
No golden harvests now the plains adorn,
In earth she hides the life-sustaining corn,
And man must fall;—to those who rule the skies
No honours shall be paid, no prayers arise.
Far, far from them, with rage-enkindled heart,
She, in the lofty temple sits apart,
Rear'd by Eleusis to her power divine,
Where clouds of incense roll around her shrine.'

The gloomy monarch Jove's commands obey'd;
Reluctant smiles his dark-bent brows display'd:

And thus his blooming consort he address'd :
' Go, Proserpine ! let pleasure sway thy breast ;
No more let memory recal the past,
But to thy mother's fond embraces haste—
'Tis fruitless, nay, 'tis folly to complain—
Nor I a husband that deserves disdain—
Brother to Jove supreme !—hence then, my fair !
And soon again to Pluto's arms repair.
Honour to thee the heavenly powers shall pay ;
Thee shall the shadowy forms of hell obey :
And those, who ne'er on earth invok'd thy aid,
Nor victims slew, nor rich oblations paid,
By thee condemn'd, shall prove eternal pains
In the dark realms where endless horror reigns.'

He said ; and sudden from her seat arose
His lovely bride—her heart with transport glows ;
Then Pluto fear'd, lest from the realms above,
And Ceres, object of her filial love,
She'd ne'er return ; and, fraudulent, decreed
The fair should taste the rich pomegranate's seed—
A fatal pledge ! The ruler of the dead
Then to their view his sable coursers led ;
And yok'd them to the splendid car—his bride
Assum'd the seat, with Hermes by her side ;
The god, whose fury to the' infernal plains
Huri'd hapless Argus ;—firm he grasp'd the reins,
And wav'd the lash—the steeds impetuous flew :
The realms of darkness vanish'd from their view.
Onward they rush, impatient of delay,
Nor seas, nor rapid streams impede their way ;
Nor towering heights, which darkening clouds sur-
round ;
Nor low-sunk vales with verdant herbage crown'd.

With steady ardour, unabated force,
Through depth of air they urge their rapid course;
Till Ceres' sacred temple they behold,
Where clouds of incense round her altar roll'd.

Soon as the goddess view'd her daughter's face,
With eager speed she rush'd to her embrace.
Thus when the hind her long-lost fawn espies,
In transport from the mountain's brow she flies⁵²⁹.

* * * * *

'Thou, here with Ceres, daughter of my love,
Shalt stay, high-honour'd by the powers above:
But if thou aught in Pluto's drear abode
Hast ate, thou must retrace the gloomy road;
And with the' infernal god his sceptre share.
One tedious third of the revolving year⁵³⁵;
The rest, shalt thou partake with heavenly powers:
And when with herbage green and blooming flowers
Spring decks the earth, thou shalt ascend the skies,
A joy to mortal and celestial eyes.'

* * * * *

'Say, by what art thy unsuspecting mind
The god deceiv'd?'—Thus Proserpine rejoin'd:

⁵²⁹ In transport from the mountain's brow she flies.

It is evident from the few and imperfect words preserved in the original Greek manuscript, that an affectionate dialogue between Ceres and Proserpine took place, after this line.—There is great reason to regret the frequent defects of the Moscow MS. in this part of the poem.

⁵³⁵ One tedious third of the revolving year.

See an observation on this passage at the end of the preface.—Some few lines of the original seem to have been lost, where the vacancy is left in the page, from the abruptness of Ceres' question to Proserpine.

‘ When the wing’d herald of the powers above
 Came with the mandate of all-ruling Jove,
 Again to bear me to the’ ethereal skies,
 And give me to thy long-desiring eyes ;
 That thus thy vengeful rage might be suppress’d :
 My heart with transport bounded in my breast.
 But then, so hell’s imperious lord decreed ;
 I ate reluctant the pernicious seed ⁵⁴⁹.

‘ Joyful I wander’d through the verdant plain,
 Leucippe, Phæno, Rhodia, in my train :
 With them Electra, Ianira stray’d,
 And Rhodope, in beauty’s charms array’d :
 Ocyroe too was there of roseate hue ;
 Her golden locks around Chryseis flew :
 Calypso’s charming form, Urania’s grace,
 And Galaxaure’s love-inspiring face ;
 Pallas, who bids the rage of battle glow,
 And chaste Diana with her sounding bow.
 In pleasing sports the fleeting hours we wear,
 And pluck the blushing honours of the year.
 Lilies and hyacinths the air perfume ;
 The crocus glows, the’ expanding roses bloom :

549 I ate reluctant the pernicious seed.’

Here appears to be an omission, unless the speech of Proserpine has been transposed through some mistake. It should probably have begun with the following line—

‘ Joyful I wander’d through the Nysian plain.’

And after that, which now concludes the speech, should follow the account of Mercury’s coming to her in the palace of Pluto, with which it now begins. As it stands at present, Proserpine concludes her narrative with telling Ceres, that she is still sorrowful ; and the lines that immediately follow, describe their mutual joy at meeting each other.

But lovelier far I view with joyful eyes
 The fair Narcissus from the earth arise.
 This wondrous flower, the meadow's blooming pride,
 I rush'd to seize—The rent earth opening wide
 A dreary gulf disclos'd: from thence appear'd
 The mighty king in Tartarus rever'd,
 And bore me to his golden car—in vain
 I weep, resist, and to the gods complain.
 Swift flies his chariot to the realms below,
 And still my bosom bleeds at former woe!

With mutual joy they now sweet converse hold,
 And now each other in their arms enfold;
 And, all the live-long day, the transports prove
 That flow from filial and maternal love.
 No thought of vengeance Ceres' soul infest;
 But harmony and pleasure rule her breast.

Soon Hecate approach'd, and hail'd the fair ⁵⁸⁰,
 A splendid fillet bound her flowing hair:
 To Proserpine her breast with friendship glow'd,
 And all her acts a kind attention show'd.

And now the' all-seeing god whose thunders shake
 The' ærial regions, thus to Rhea spake,
 Around whose form her robes in darkness flew,
 From whom her birth the queen of Seasons drew:
 ' Let Ceres hasten to the' ethereal plain,
 And every honour she desires, obtain.
 Her Proserpine, with heavenly powers shall share
 In joy, two parts of the revolving year,

⁵⁸⁰ Soon Hecate approach'd.

This passage is rather obscure in the original—she seems indeed both here and in other two places to have been introduced very needlessly, unless something allegorical was intended. The interview between Rhea and Ceres, which almost immediately follows, appears plainly to be so.

But soon the earth its wonted power regains ;
Again the harvest clothes the extended plains ;
Increasing ploughshares turn the grateful soil,
And weighty sheaves reward the labourers toil.
The rest in realms of night.—The thunderer said :
The willing goddess his commands obey'd ;
And from Olympus' cloud-encircled height
Bends to Callichorus her lofty flight :
O'er the drear region desolation frown'd,
So late with fruits and waving verdure crown'd.

Through air's ungenial void the goddess bends
Her flight sublime, and now on earth descends.
Each kindred power to hail the other flies,
Joy rules their hearts, and sparkles in their eyes.
At length sage Rhea, round whose awful head
The wreath of splendor glow'd, to Ceres said :

‘ Jove calls my daughter to the' ethereal plain ;
Such honours as thy soul desires, obtain.
He wills, two parts of the revolving year,
Thy Proserpine shall heavenly pleasures share ;
The rest in realms of night.—His sacred nod
Confirm'd the promise of the' all-ruling god.
Haste then—no more oppose with wrathful mind
Heaven's mighty lord mid darkening clouds en-
shrin'd ;

But thy kind influence to the earth impart,
And with thy blessings cheer man's drooping heart.’

The power, whose brow the flowery wreath
entwines,
Obeys her word—her anger she resigns.
The' extended plains with fruits and flowers are
crown'd,
And plenty reigns, and nature smiles around.

Then to the chiefs, who o'er Eleusis sway'd,
 Whose righteous laws the grateful realm obey'd,
 Eumolpus, and Triptolemus the sage,
 Diocles skill'd to tame the courser's rage,
 Kind Polyxenus, and the king who reign'd
 Supreme, great Celeus, she her rites explain'd;
 Those sacred mysteries, for the vulgar ear⁶²⁸
 Unmeet; and known, most impious to declare!
 Oh! let due reverence for the gods restrain
 Discourses rash, and check inquiries vain!

Thrice happy he among the favour'd few,
 To whom 'tis given those glorious rites to view!
 A fate far different the rejected share;
 Unbless'd, unworthy her protecting care,
 They'll perish; and with chains of darkness bound,
 Be plung'd for ever in the gulf profound!

Her laws establish'd, to the realms of light⁶³⁸,
 With Proserpine she wings her towering flight:

⁶²⁸ Those sacred mysteries for the vulgar ear
 Unmeet; and known, most impious to declare.

Diodorus observes of the religious rites prescribed by Orpheus, meaning the Eleusinian mysteries, that it was unlawful for those not initiated to inquire into their meaning: and there was a law at Athens, which condemned those to death who divulged any thing concerning them.

⁶³⁸ Her laws established.

Herodotus, in the second book of his history, relates, that the mystic rites of Isis were originally carried from Egypt to Greece by the daughters of Danaus; and that the Pelasgic women were instructed by them in the nature, design, and forms of their celebration. From the same authority, strengthened by that of Apollodorus, it hath been supposed that these mysteries, disguised under other names and other forms, were

The sacred powers assume their seat on high,
Beside the god, whose thunders shake the sky.

afterwards celebrated at Eleusis in honour of Ceres; and obtained the name of Thesmophoria.

The Eleusian mysteries were, however, divided into two distinct classes. The Thesmophoria were in the subordinate class.

A striking similitude hath been frequently observed, by the curious inquirers into ancient customs, between the mysteries of Isis and Ceres: and the supposition, that the latter were borrowed from the former, is supported by the strongest analogy, as well as by the most respectable authority. Many of the learned indeed have conjectured that Greece was indebted to Orpheus for their introduction into that country: and that this ancient bard had an eye to the Egyptian mysteries in their institution; and accommodated the general plan of the one, to the particular genius and design of the other. Some have even conjectured, that the hymns which have been transmitted to the present times, under the name of Orpheus, were the same that were originally sung at the celebration of the rites of Ceres. This honour, Pausanias remarks, had never been conferred on the hymns of Homer; who, probably, by indulging his fancy in fictions of his own creation, and departing with too bold a licence from the established traditions of the gods, had rendered his hymns unfit for their worship. It was for this unwarrantable stretch of poetic liberty that his works were proscribed by Plato.

The Egyptian priests threw an awful and ambiguous veil over their religious rites; and, having enjoined silence and secrecy, as indispensable terms of initiation, gave an air of pomp and solemnity to institutions that were trifling, and doctrines that were absurd. The simplest truths were lost in the crowd of mystic rites which gathered thick upon them: and, while historical facts were veiled beneath the dress of allegory, it was difficult to distinguish the real from the fictitious; or to tell, with certainty, where the annalist ended his record, and where the mythologist took up his fable.

The Grecians changed the names, but retained and exaggerated the stories of Egypt; they sometimes debased, at other

Happy, thrice happy he of human race,
 Who proves deserving their benignant grace!
 Plutus, who from his unexhausted stores⁶⁴⁴
 To favour'd mortals boundless treasure pours,
 The' auspicious deities to him shall send;
 And prosperous fortune shall his steps attend.
 And now, O Ceres! at thy hallow'd shrine

times they improved and embellished them. That which amused the fancy, at length was admitted as the truth; and what at first was meant to be figurative, was, in process of time, believed to be literal.

If this hymn should not be supposed to allude to the Egyptian Isis, figured under the character of Ceres; and to Proserpine, as an emblem of the * corn being hid part of the year beneath the earth; may not the story on which it is founded be simply this?—The conjecture is vague, but it is hoped excusable, as many instances occur of the Greek poets blending history with allegory.

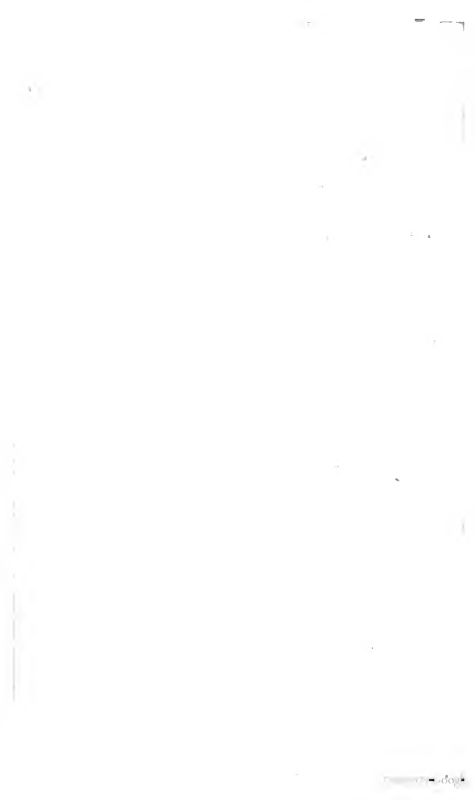
Pluto, probably king of the Molossians, wages war against the Eleusinians, wastes their country, and carries off their corn—a famine ensues—Jupiter, his brother, ruler over great part of Greece, who had connived at the invasion, thinks proper at length to obtain a peace for them; on their paying to Pluto one third of their tillage by way of tribute. They again cultivate their country, and Rhea, Ceres, and Jupiter, are reconciled: *i. e.* the earth produces corn, and the people are under the protection of their neighbouring king.

⁶⁴⁴ Plutus, who from his unexhausted stores.

The conclusion of the story seems evidently allegorical, and intended to convey this plain and excellent moral:—that those people shall grow rich who apply diligently to agriculture, and the cultivation of their lands. Plutus probably was called the son of Ceres, on that account.

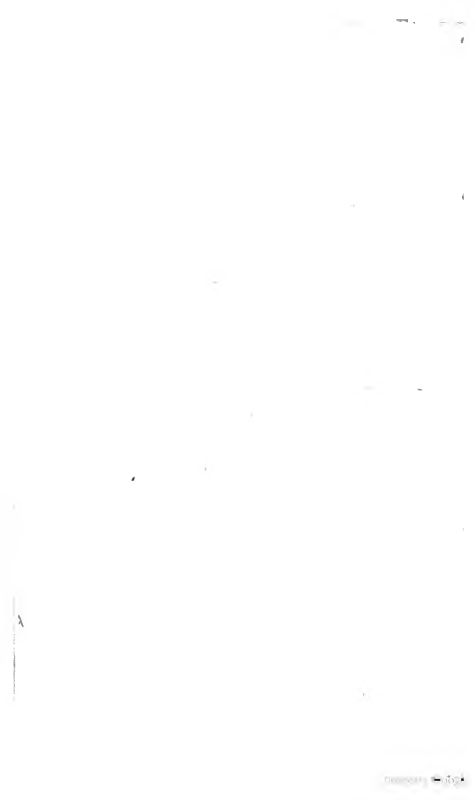
* So Persephone signifies in the Phœnician language, from whence Proserpine is supposed to have been derived.

Submissive bow the Elensinian line :
Antron's dark rocks re-echo with thy praise,
And sea-surrounded Paros thee obeys.
Goddess ! through whom the seasons' circling flight
Successive blessings pours, and new delight :
And thou, O lovely Proserpine ! reward
With honour'd age, and tranquil joys, the bard
Who sings your acts ; and soon his voice he'll raise,
And other strains shall celebrate your praise.



HYMNS AND EPIGRAMS
OF
HOMER;

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK
BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.
POET LAUREAT.



PREFACE.

IT seems very singular, that while the silly burlesque Poem of the Frogs and Mice makes part of Pope's Translation of Homer, and the Hymn to Ceres, which was discovered, or said to have been discovered, in the last century, by a professor at Leyden, drew the attention of all Europe, and has been translated with the addition of copious notes by the elegant and classical pen of Mr. Hole, the Hymns and Epigrams that have been ascribed to the father of poetry for ages, should never have yet appeared in an English dress.

Without entering into a dissertation on their authenticity, suffice it to say, that the internal evidence in their favour is, at least, as strong as that in favour of the Hymn to Ceres; the beginning of which, by the way, as I have observed in a note on the place, is the same as one of these fragments. The remark of the original editor of that Hymn will, at least, equally apply to these—
' Though they should be dispossessed of the claim

of being the production of Homer, they are certainly of very high antiquity, written immediately after Homer, or at least in the age of Hesiod; the venerable wrinkles of hoary age are deeply marked on the very face of them.' To this internal proof may be added the authority of Thucydides and Pausanias, by whom they are cited without expressing any doubt of their authenticity.

Another proof, however, occurred to me of their high antiquity, in the course of my translation, that amply repaid me for my trouble; as it went far towards confuting the silly allegories which fanciful commentators have tried to draw from the divine Epopees of Homer, and which deform the otherwise respectable notes of Clarke and Pope. It was impossible to read these Hymns, especially those to the Sun and Moon, and not see that they had no connection with Apollo and Diana, in the mythology of the author of them. With the assistance of the Index of Seberus I turned to every passage, both in the Iliad and Odyssey, wherever these gods and luminaries were mentioned, which confirmed the same fact as to those poems. The same circumstance occurred on consulting the Theogony of Hesiod, for which I refer to one of the subsequent notes.

I found in Mr. Hole's translation of the Hymn to Ceres these words, in the address of that goddess to the Sun, 'O Phœbus, hear!' which, if exactly correct, would have much impugned its claim to antiquity; but on referring to the original, he is addressed as, and called only Sun, 'Ἡέλιον, Ἡέλι'. No blame of infidelity, in translating, attaches on this account to Mr. Hole; for the same thing occurs, *passim* through the whole of Pope's Homer; and the most pedantic reviler of that excellent work has never censured him on that account.

There is a passage from Dionysius, cited by Clarke, that clearly marks a distinction between Apollo and the Sun, as used by Homer. The critic, praising Homer for his choice of appropriate epithets, says τὸν 'Ἡέλιον Ὑπερίονα, καὶ Ἀπόλλωνα Φοῖβον καλῶν· 'calling the Sun Hyperion, and Apollo Phœbus.'

In my investigation of Homer by the index, I found that the word Phœbus occurs only three times in the Odyssey. Now as it is nothing for a critic to invalidate a few passages in any book, not even the most sacred, that stand in the way of a favourite hypothesis, this fact may do knights' ser-

vice to those ingenious gentlemen who have discovered, what was never discovered, or even suspected, either by Aristotle, Horace, Longinus, or any other ancient writer, viz. that the Iliad and Odyssey could not possibly have been composed by the same person.

With regard to my own translation, I can only say, in the words of Mr. Hole, that 'I equally wished to avoid the extremes of a servile version and a diffuse imitation.' If I were sure I had succeeded in this respect as well as that gentleman has, I should submit my work to the public with greater confidence than I now can presume to do.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

CEASE not, ye Maids of Memory, to sing
Apollo's sacred praise, the Archer-king [draw
Whom, when his hands in Jove's bright mansion
The shining bow—with reverential awe
The gods behold, his power tremendous own,
Each stands aloof, receding from his throne.
Latona, sole of all the' ethereal train;
Dares by the side of thundering Jove remain.
The quiver from his back her arms unbrace,
His bow against the dædal column place,
Then leads him to his throne; while parent Jove
Presents the nectar'd bowl, the pledge of love;
And as the other powers resume their seats,
Latona's heart her son exulting greets.

Hail, bless'd Latona! who to Jove of yore
Apollo and the' immortal huntress bore; }
Her in Ortygia, him on Delos' shore.
Stretch'd 'neath a palm by Cynthus' rugged brow,
Where the clear waves of smooth Inopus flow:
How shall my voice the hymn to Phœbus raise,
How praise, whom every strain contends to praise?
Is it that charm'd with numbers pour'd by thee,
Phœbus! resounds each isle that studs the sea?
Each continent with pastures widely spread?
Each mountain lifting high its airy head?

Each fountain clear, whose current gently glides
 Through smiling vales to ocean's roaring tides?
 Is it that first thee, fair Latona bore
 By Cythus' Mount on Delos' rugged shore,
 Where swells the sable wave and howling wind,
 The first, the dearest blessing to mankind?
 All human race with grateful zeal obey
 Thy just decrees, and own thy regal sway.
 All who fair Crete's illustrious regions grace,
 For justice fam'd, all Athens' polish'd race.
 Ægina's isle, Eubœa's naval reign,
 Æga, Eirisia, Peparethus' plain:
 Athos and Samos, Peleus' lofty mound,
 And Ida's heights with darkening forests crown'd;
 Scyros, Phocæa, Imbrus' cultur'd shore,
 And, proud Autocane, thy mountains hoar.
 Lemnos, whose hostile coasts no strangers greet,
 Lesbos divine, Æolian Macar's seat⁴³.
 Chios, the fairest isle that Ocean laves;
 Corycus' mountains, Mimas' rocky caves.
 Samos, mid streams and vales irriguous plac'd,
 And Mycale with verdant uplands grac'd:
 Coos and Æsage and Claros bright,
 Carpathus' stormy seats, and Cnidus' height,
 Naxos and fertile Paros' fair domain,
 And proud Rhenæa's rude and stony plain.
 Latona, teeming with the Archer-god,
 Sought mid these scenes her future son's abode.
 Each seat, though plenty there its blessings shower,
 Shrinks fearful to receive the mighty power,

43 Lesbos divine, Æolian Macar's seat.

(Μάκρυς ἴδος) The seat: instead of (ἐκκρήριον) the habitation. For Macar, the son of Crinaeus, got possession of Lesbos, and reigned there. *Scholiast* on *Iliad* xxiy. v. 544.

But Delos' favour'd isle she first explores,
Addressing thus the Genius of the shores :—
‘ Delos! if thou become my son's domain,
If here Apollo fix his splendid fane,
Sacred alone to him thy seats shall be,
From other lords and mortal tyrants free.
What though nor flocks nor herds thy pastures
feed,

No harvest ripen, and no vintage bleed ;
Yet if thy shores his sacred temples grace,
From each assembling tribe of human race
Shall hecatombs with pious zeal be given,
The smoke of offer'd victims climb to heaven,
While every god protective influence yields,
And foreign plenty crowns thy barren fields.’

She said :—with joy the island power replied ;
‘ Daughter of Saturn! of thy sire the pride,
Pleas'd shall my vales the heavenly birth receive :—
Me, me, alas! man's bitter censures grieve.
But thus protected by thy son divine,
Round me shall glory's beams celestial shine.
Yet, O Latona, let me now reveal
The dread of future danger that I feel.
Phœbus, 'tis said, shall be of mind severe,
His awful power will gods and men revere :
Much is my heart perplex'd, lest in that day
When first his eye-balls drink the solar ray,
His foot should spurn my rude uncultur'd plain,
And whelm my sterile mountains in the main ;
Bid o'er my head, in fatal triumph ride,
The swelling surges of old Ocean's tide :
And to some happier seat the god removes
His consecrated fane and hallow'd groves ;

While in my solitary caverns sleep
The scaly monsters of the briny deep.
But if to me, great goddess, thou wilt swear
By those dread powers which ev'n the gods revere;
That here the sacred oracle shall rise,
Which shows the future mandates of the skies;
> Here all mankind shall seek the voice divine,
And distant ages crowd the holy shrine.'

Thus spoke the nymph.—Latona, lov'd of Jove,
Swore the dread oath that binds the powers above:—
' Let earth and heaven's high spreading regions
know,
And those dark waves that roll through shades
below,
Infernal Styx—whose awful name adjur'd,
No god dare violate the solemn word,
Here Phœbus still shall keep his groves and fane,
Fix in these hallow'd seats from age to age his
reign!'

The oath thus pledg'd:—Delos' parental earth
Joy'd in the' immortal archer's promis'd birth.
Nine tedious days on sad Latona rose,
Nine tedious nights witness'd her lingering throes,
Though round of heavenly nymphs a friendly train,
With unavailing sorrow wept her pain.
Dione, Rhea, Themis, near her stood,
And Amphitrite, sprung from Ocean's flood;
And many a goddess else to aid her came,
Scap'd from the eye of Jove's imperious dame;
She by the' eternal Thunderer's awful throne
Sat, fill'd with rage, secluded and alone.
Lucina, sole of power to soothe her cares,
Nor knew her torturing pangs, nor heard her prayers;

High on Olympus' cloud-capt brow remain'd
The saving nymph: so Juno's will ordain'd;
Griev'd that Latona, with the beauteous hair,
Should to her lord the godlike offspring bear.

The friendly goddesses from Delos' shade
Call'd many-colour'd Iris to their aid,
And promis'd, could she bring Lucina's power
To sad Latona in the palmy bower,
An ample scarf her bosom should unfold,
Studded with brilliant gems, and rough with
gold.

From Juno far they bade her wing her way,
Lest jealous rage the saving power should stay.
Fleet as the clouds, by winds tempestuous driven,
Sprang forth the swift-wing'd messenger of heaven;
A moment's space the' ethereal herald bore,
To high Olympus' brow from Delos' shore;
There, calling forth Lucina's favouring power,
Cautious, apart from Jove's imperial bower,
The mandate of the heavenly race display'd;
Her words at once the friendly nymph persuade.
Swift as the timid dove, the' immortal pair
With buoyant pinion cleave the realms of air.
Soon as Latona trod the Delian shore,
The yearning goddess' tedious pangs were o'er.
Beneath the spreading palm-tree's spacious shade
The mighty Thunderer's godlike son was laid.
Around, the hills, the streams, the valleys smil'd,
And every goddess hail'd the heavenly child:
Their hands divine thy limbs, O Phœbus! lave
In the pellucid fountain's silver wave,
With a white robe thy infant form confine,
And round embroider'd swathes of gold entwine.

No nurture from his mother's fragrant breast,
Thirsting, the golden-sceptred monarch press'd ;
But Themis' care his infant lips imbued
With nectar'd draughts, and gave ambrosial food.
And fair Latona smil'd with conscious joy,
Proud of the happy birth, and heavenly boy.

Swell'd by the feast of gods, each mighty vein,
Nor robes, nor swathes, the' immortal child restrain ;
Bursting with giant-force each circling band,
He thus address'd the powers that round him
stand :—

' Mine be the favour'd lyre and crooked bow,
To man from me Jove's oracles shall flow.'

With golden tresses crown'd, the Archer-god
Thus spoke ; and from the' extended region strode.
The' immortal nymphs around, in deep surprise,
Gazed on the prodigy with wondering eyes.
But Delos chief, bright beams of future joy,
And hopes of more than mortal bliss employ,
Since, from great Jove and fair Latona sprung,
Phœbus was born her humble seats among.
By the bright god a self-selected ground,
From every isle and continent around ;
O'er her bleak wastes young forests seem to grow,
And flowers to crown each mountain's hoary brow.

King of the argent bow, thy feet now climb
Of Cynthus' rugged mount the height sublime ;
Now many an isle around and peopled shore
Wandering thy desultory steps explore.
For on the mountains near, that proudly rise
And shoot their azure summits to the skies,
By every stream the lowly plain that laves,
Rolling to Ocean's bed its winding waves,

Thy hallow'd groves their sacred umbrage spread,
 The frequent temple rears to thee the head.
 Yet, Phœbus ! still thy lov'd parental isle
 Wins from an envious world thy favouring smile ;
 Where with their lovely dames and infant train,
 Seeking protection of thy holy fane,
 Ionia's warlike heroes crowding round,
 Sweep with their lengthen'd stoles the sacred
 To thee devoted, festal games belong, [ground ;
 The lyre, the dance, the cestus, and the song ;
 While life and youth eternal seem to grace
 With never-fading charms the votive race.
 Gazing around, in splendid order stand
 Of striplings and of maids a beauteous band,
 Rich treasures pour profuse a golden store,
 And swelling sails adorn the rocky shore.
 But far above the rest, in rapt surprise,
 This lovely miracle arrests the eyes :
 Of Delian nymphs divine, a virgin train,
 Each, priestess of Apollo's glorious fane,
 First in harmonious strains of rapture sing
 The' immortal honours of the Archer-king ;
 Then to Latona pour the votive strain,
 And Dian, virgin huntress of the plain :
 Thence to the listening train around unfold
 Chiefs and illustrious dames who lived of old.
 The varied speech and voice of all mankind
 Their lays impress so strongly on the mind,
 So just the imitative art appears,
 Each thinks the speaker present that he hears ²¹¹.

²¹¹ Each thinks the speaker present that he hears.

This imitative power, the poet tells us, was also possessed by Helen. See *Odyssey*, lib. iv. v. 279.

Hail, Phœbus and Latona ! Dian, hail !
 O let your votary's fervent prayers prevail !
 And when in future times some pilgrim hoar ;
 Wandering, shall reach this sea-encircled shore,
 And ask ' what mortal now, with heavenly fire,
 Strikes with his skilful hand the warbling lyre,
 What dulcet voice is this to which belong
 Powers to entrance you with its godlike song ?
 O may you answer with applausive smile—
 ' 'Tis the blind bard of Chios' rugged isle ²²¹,
 The' unrival'd merit of whose glorious strain
 Succeeding times shall emulate in vain.'
 Thus I, through every seat of man's abode,
 Through every track by human footsteps trod,
 Bold in the truth, my native worth proclaim ;
 My verse alone the herald of my fame.
 Ne'er shall my votive lay forget to sing
 Fair-hair'd Latona and the Archer-king.
 Monarch of Lycia's wide extended reign,
 Monarch of fair Meonia's fertile plain,
 The god, Miletus' naval towers who sways,
 Whom Delos' wave-surrounded coast obeys ;—

²²¹ 'Tis the blind bard of Chios' rugged isle.

Bergler, in the preface to his edition of the *Odyssey* and smaller poems of Homer, p. iv. brings this passage (which is cited by Thucydides) as a proof of the genuineness of this Hymn—and uses these strong words ; what those critics would do well to consider, who, in the teeth of Aristotle, have tried to prove that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* could not be written by the same person :—' This Hymn no one can render suspected by me, unless he could persuade me that his authority was of more weight than that of Thucydides ; a writer, of all others the furthest from vanity, nor very remote from the time of Homer.'

Behold the power celestial pass along,
His lyre preluding to the heavenly song ;
That golden lyre whose strings symphonious
move,

Charming the breast to rapture and to love.
Onward he goes to rocky Pythos' shrine,
His robes ambrosial shedding sweets divine :
Hence, scorning earth's inferior seats, he soars
To high Olympus' heaven-constructed doors,
The' imperial dome of Jove, where round him
stand

Of crowding Deities the' eternal band.
In mute attention wrap'd, the listening throng
Struck by the warbling wire and sacred song,
At once the Muses in alternate lay,
And strains of heavenly harmony, display
The gifts that ever powers celestial grace,
The ills that wait on man's unhappy race,
Ills that no care can heal, no heart assuage,
Inevitable death and wasting age.—

The fair-hair'd Graces, and the laughing Hours,
Sweet Hebe's and Harmonia's kindred powers,
With Cytherea, Queen of Joy and Love,
The favourite daughter of imperial Jove,
Encircled hand in hand, with active feet
To strains divine the golden pavement beat :
While arrow-bearing Dian, fair and young,
From the same womb with great Apollo sprung,
Joins in the chorus of the festive train,
With no unlovely form or humble strain :
Hermes his wand foregoes, and Mars his lance,
And cheerly mingle in the sprightly dance.
Above the rest behold Apollo stand,
And strike the sounding wire with skilful hand.

Awful he treads, in radiant glory dight,
 His vesture beaming with celestial light;
 While fair Latona and immortal Jove
 Exulting view the offspring of their love.
 How shall my verse thy glorious deeds display,
 Thou the great theme of every poet's lay?
 Say, shall I first thy happy loves declare?
 Sing, how thy ardour won the' Azantine fair?
 With those of Elatia, fam'd to breed
 On her extended plains the generous steed.
 Phœbus, to 'Triopus' high race allied,
 With brave Leucippus and Leucippus' bride:
 This skill'd to train and drive the agile horse
 With rapid footsteps, this to urge the course!
 Or shall I rather, in my votive lay,
 Trace to the Oracle of Truth thy way?
 First from Olympus' height thy steps descend
 To where Pieria's fertile fields extend.
 Then Lector's sandy deserts next you tread,
 Pass where Magnesia and Perrhæbus spread,
 Iolchus reach, and climb Cenæa's head;
 Eubœa, glorying in her naval reign;
 And gain at length Lelantos' spacious plain:
 Yet there thou didst not fix thy seat divine,
 Nor raise the sacred grove, nor build the shrine.
 Hence, crossing Euripus—far-shooting god!—
 Thy sacred steps the verdant mountain trod.
 'Then passing Mycale's fair domain,
 And, clad in herbæge green, Teumessus' plain;
 You reach at length the Theban realms, around
 With waving shade and gloomy forests crown'd.
 For then could Thebes no human inmates boast,
 No human steps her fertile regions cross'd.

Still wandering on, immortal power! you rove
 To fair Onchestus, Neptune's hallow'd grove³⁰⁰:
 Where the young steeds, scarce train'd the yoke to
 Forespent with toil, forget the driver's care. [bear,
 The charioteer, though skill'd their fire to sway,
 Leaps from the car, and speeds on foot his way;
 The panting coursers, loosen'd from the rein,
 The empty chariot drag across the plain;
 But cautious from the woodland-shade decline,
 Lest clustering trees should break the car divine.
 Apollo's power their pious care rewards,
 And with protective arm the chariot guards.

Thence crossing bright Cephissus' silver tide,
 Whose lucid waves from fair Lilæa glide,
 Passing Ocalea's high embattled towers,
 Passing the green Amartus' grassy bowers,
 At length Delphusa's sacred seat you gain, [fane:
 Pleas'd there to raise your groves and build your
 And speaking thus the dictates of your breast,
 Your voice the Genius of the place address'd:—

‘ At length my mind is fix'd; Delphusa here
 To man the sacred oracle I'll rear.
 All, all who dwell where Pelops' region smiles,
 All in Europa and her clustering isles,
 Hither the frequent hecatomb shall bring,
 Seeking of truth divine the hallow'd spring,
 By me while from the sacred fane is given,
 The will of future fate decreed by heaven.’

Thus spoke the god: and straight his dædal hand
 The wide foundations of the temple plan'd;

³⁰⁰ To fair Onchestus, Neptune's hallow'd grove.

There seems something lost here: as there is no mention before of the chariot of Apollo, who is represented as pursuing his way on foot. This passage is alluded to by Pausanias, lib. ix.

Delphusa sees, and, fill'd with rage and fear,
 Pours these sad accents in Apollo's ear:—
 ' Phœbus! immortal king! O let my voice
 From these unhappy seats avert thy choice.
 Were here thy sacred oracle decreed,
 If here the frequent hecatomb should bleed,
 The crowding mules and steeds that custom brings
 To graze my pastures, and to quaff my springs,
 Would mar the honours of the solemn rite,
 And man, misjudging man, might turn his sight
 Averted, from thy gifts and splendid fane,
 To view the car and courser scorn the plain.
 If I can aught persuade (yet, power divine!
 How dare I counsel such a power as thine?)
 On Crissa's plain, beneath Parnassus' brow,
 The favour of thy happier choice bestow.
 No rattling car, no coursers' neighing train,
 Shall there thy rites with jarring sound profane.
 There shall a glorious race their offerings bring,
 And to thy praise the choral Pæan sing;
 While emulative nations round combine
 To heap with wealth profuse thy golden shrine.'
 Delphusia's prayer prevails—her shores he leaves:
 Still undivided fame the nymph receives.—
 On pass'd Apollo by Cephissus' tide,
 Where in the fair extended vale reside [move
 The Phlegyan race, whose stubborn hearts nor
 The laws of heaven, nor bolts of angry Jove.
 Hence, rising swiftly near the lofty brow
 Of high Olympus, white with endless snow,
 Crissa he reach'd, fann'd by the gentle gale,
 Beneath the rock where spreads the hollow vale.
 Here Phœbus stood, resolv'd to fix his seat,
 And thus his words the favour'd region greet:—

' At length my wandering search is ended; here
 The sacred Oracle resolv'd to rear.
 All, all who dwell where Pelops' region smiles,
 All in Europa and her clustering isles,
 Hither the frequent hecatomb shall bring,
 Seeking of truth divine the hallow'd spring,
 By me while from the sacred fane is given
 The will of future fate decreed by heaven.'

Apollo said: and straight his dædal hand
 The wide foundations of the Temple plann'd.
 Erginus' sons, dear to the gods and Jove,
 The well-compacted fabric rear'd above.
 While nations crowd from earth's remotest zone
 To shape the column, and to hew the stone;
 Till proud the Temple rose in awful grace,
 A lasting wonder to the human race.
 Near the bright waves of that clear fountain flow,
 Where Jove's great offspring, with his silver bow,
 The monstrous dragon slew of size immense,
 Whose breath could fate to man and beast dis-
 pense.

Typhaon dire, by Juno's angry mind
 Nurtur'd and rear'd, a scourge to humankind:
 When from the temples of her heavenly sire
 Sprung Pallas forth, whom gods and men admire,
 While standing mid the' assembled powers above,
 Indignant spoke the' imperious Queen of Jove.

' Each god, each goddess, hear!—oppress'd I
 stand,
 Sham'd by the cloud-compelling Tyrant's hand;
 Endow'd above the rest with form and grace,
 Me he selected from the' ethereal race
 To share his bed.—But ah! without my aid
 Alone he gave to light the blue-eyed maid,

Minerva the divine, whose powers excel
 All who in heaven's eternal mansions dwell :
 While Vulcan, whom I bore, deform'd and lame,
 Limp mid the gods, the object of their shame,
 I seiz'd and threw the infant in the main,
 Where silver-footed Thetis, and her train
 Of wat'ry nymphs, receiv'd him from the waves,
 And kindly nurtur'd in their coral caves.—
 Cruel, unjust! what other means remain
 To shame thy Consort mid the heavenly train?
 Remote from me, thy secret haunts among,
 The blue-eyed goddess from thy temples sprung:
 But now a son produc'd by me shall boast
 To shine superior mid the' immortal host.
 I to our nuptial couch no shame will bring,
 Nor shall from thy embrace the infant spring.'

She said ; and from the' ethereal synod broke,
 Then smote the earth, and thus indignant spoke⁴¹²:—
 ' O hear me, earth! and heaven's supreme do-
 main!

And hear, ye powers in Tartarus who reign!
 Hear, hear me all—and far from Jove, alone,
 O let my womb a potent offspring own :
 And in his frame superior strength inspire,
 As far as Jove excell'd his hoary sire.'

She said, and struck—beneath her mighty hand,
 From its foundations shook the solid land.
 Juno with joy the happy omen bless'd,
 And deem'd fulfill'd the wishes of her breast.
 A long revolving year she past alone,
 Far from the Thunderer's genial bed and throne,

⁴¹² Then smote the earth, and thus indignant spoke:—

There is a passage resembling this in the *Iliad*, lib. ix. v. 564.

Brooding in silence o'er her deep designs,
 Or drinking incense from her votaries' shrines.—
 But when the days and nights fulfill'd appear,
 And the swift hours complete the circling year,
 A hideous monster to her vows was given,
 Unlike to all that breathed in earth or heaven.
 Of size immense, the vast Typhaon spread,
 A dragon fell, of all mankind the dread.
 Her awful hands on earth, malignant, place
 The dire destroyer of the human race.
 Onward he pass'd, dispensing fate around,
 Till the avenger's mighty arm he found :
 Immortal Phœbus, from his silver bow
 Launch'd the keen shaft that laid the monster
 low;

Writhing in death he rolls, while hideous cries
 And roars tremendous shake the vaulted skies,
 Till pouring forth his life in crimson tide,
 Exulting Phœbus speaks with conscious pride:—
 ' On earth's maternal bosom here remain,
 Once the dire terror of her filial train,
 Living no more the pious race to awe,
 Who to my shrines the frequent victim draw.
 Typhæus' might, and dark Chimæra's power,
 Were weak to' avert the inevitable hour;
 Here sable earth and Hyperion's ray
 Shall bid the putrifying corse decay.'

Thus with triumphant voice the god exclaim'd!
 The baleful serpent hence was Pytho nam'd ⁴²⁵:
 And hence the bards, to Phœbus' praise who sing,
 Hail him, in votive verse, the Pythian king.

⁴²⁵ The baleful serpent hence was Pytho nam'd.

From Πύθω to putrify.

Then found he, that the nymph whose cares pre-
O'er fair Delphusa's silver-flowing tide, [side
Had with fallacious words deceiv'd his breast,
And wrathful thus the goddess he address'd :—

‘ No more thy arts my purpose shall elude,
No more these pleasant seats and crystal flood,
Sacred to thee alone, shall honour claim ;
Lo, I partake the pleasure and the fame!’ [side

Thus spoke the god ; and from the mountain's
Hurl'd a vast rock across the hidden tide,
While near the gliding stream a choral train
Tend, mid embowering shades, his sacred fane ;
And while Delphusa's waves are veil'd in shame,
Hail, great Apollo, by Delphusius' name !

As, wrap'd in meditation deep, he stood ;—
Lo, on the breast of Ocean's sable flood,
By many a warlike chief and hero mann'd,
Floats a light bark, by favouring breezes fann'd.
A godlike race from Crete's well-peopled plains
Where, fam'd for justice, Gnosian Minos reigns ;
Who 'neath Parnassus, mid the laurel shade,
The sacred rite to mighty Phœbus paid.
In traffic now he turns his dædal prore
To Pylos' sons, and Pylos' sandy shore.
Apollo rushing from the craggy steep,
In form a Dolphin, plung'd amid the deep ;
Then to the buoyant bark he bent his way,
Dread on the deck his form stupendous lay.
All gazing stood aghast, with fearful look,
And 'neath the god the solid timbers shook :
At the dire sight the boldest bosoms fail,
None strain the cordage, none unfurl the sail ;
No more their skilful hands the rudder guide,
But, urged by Notus, through the foaming tide

The vessel drives ;—passing Maleia's coast,
Passing Laconia, and, of Sol the boast,
Fair Tænarus, beneath whose sheltering grove,
Sacred to Sol, the fleecy myriads rove ;
There much they wish'd to anchor, and from shore
Careful the mighty miracle explore,
If there resolv'd to linger, or again
To plunge amid the monsters of the main.
No more the bark obeys the pilot's hand,
But flies along by Pelops' fertile land ;
While from Apollo breath'd, the freshening gales
Urge on her course, and fill the swelling sails.
Forc'd by the fury of the stormy blast,
Arene's and Argyphia's shores they past ;
Thryas, and Epys, and Alpheus trace,
And pass the Pylian sands and Pylian race ;
Pass Crunos, Chalcis, Dymen's fair domain,
Pass Elis, the divine Epean reign,
Pass, capt with clouds, fam'd Ithaca's high glades,
Dulichium, Samos, and Zacynthus' shades ;
But when, the winding shores of Pelops past,
Wide water'd Crissa's bay appear'd at last,
By Jove's decree the gale of Zephyr blew,
Swift through the yielding waves the vessel flew ;
Hence to the east, whence beams Aurora's ray,
The rapid galley measures back her way,
Till guided by Apollo's favouring hands,
The prow is fix'd in viny Crissa's sands.
Now mighty Phœbus, like the day-star bright,
Sprung from the deck robed in ethereal light ;
Sparks of celestial radiance from him rise,
Illume his hallow'd fane, and climb the skies :
Through Crissu's region spread the awful flames,
Filling with fear her sons and beauteous dames.

Then to the bark returning mid the flood,
 In face and form a youth divine he stood ;
 Loose o'er his shoulders flows the' ambrosial hair,
 And thus his mind his heavenly words declare :
 ' Say whence your race? On what adventure
 say ⁴²⁷

Thus far ye wander through the wat'ry way?
 Relate, if business or the thirst of gain
 Engage your journey o'er the pathless main :
 Or, pirates, seek ye now through seas unknown
 The lives of others, reckless of your own?
 Why quit ye not the bark, and on the shore
 The sail deposit and the useless oar?
 Scap'd from the toils and dangers of the main,
 When treads the wave-worn mariner the plain,
 Gladly with food he cheers his fainting soul,
 The strengthening viand shares, and drains the
 bowl.'

His words with joy inspir'd each sinking breast,
 And thus the Cretan chief the god address'd :
 ' O godlike stranger, hail! whose form and face
 Bespeak thee sprung of more than mortal race,
 To thee propitious still be heaven's high train ;
 But to our anxious minds, O kindly deign
 To say on what strange region now we stand,
 What tribes of humankind possess the land.
 Far hence, alas! we steer'd our wat'ry way
 From fertile Crete to Pylos' sandy bay;

⁴²⁷ Say whence your race? On what adventure say—

Though part of this speech is *verbatim* the same with a passage in the *Odyssey*, lib. iii. v. 71—72. I have, contrary to my usual practice, deviated from the version of Pope; as his translation here is contrary both to the obvious sense of the original, and to the note of Eustathius that he has cited.

Hither, alas ! by unpropitious heaven
Through seas unknown to distant regions driven.'

Then thus the god :—' Strangers, who dwelt of
On far fam'd Grossus' widely-wooded shore, [yore
Ne'er shall ye view again your native bowers,
Your splendid palaces and lofty towers,
Your lovely consorts and your infant race,
But here my sacred Temple shall ye grace :
Behold me !—Great Apollo ! son of Jove !
Impell'd by me through Ocean's waves ye rove,
Not with malignant mind ; but in my fane
With me, by nations honour'd, to remain.
Here shall your eyes heaven's future will foresee,
Hence to the world reveal fate's dark decree ;
While gifts divine your rites celestial grace,
The pride and glory of the human race :
Swift then the cordage loose, and furl the sail,
And on the oozy beach the vessel trail :
Land all your treasures and your naval gear,
And close by Ocean's brink the altar rear.
'Then heap the surface with the wheaten store,
And, standing round, the eternal powers adore !
But as I first, mid Ocean's billows dark,
Leap'd a vast dolphin on your trembling bark,
Here first the vow pay to Delphinus' name,
For Delphi's shrine shall boast perennial fame.
Then by the ship indulge the genial hour,
And to the gods the free libation pour.
But, hunger's rage appeas'd, on me attend,
With me the Temple's site sublime ascend ;
And, in the strains of gratitude and praise,
With joyful voice the Io-pæan raise.'

Apollo ceas'd.—With haste the band fulfil
The awful mandate of the heavenly will.

' The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
 Then drop'd the anchor, and the pinnace tied ⁵⁸⁴.
 Then issuing on the beach, the sinewy crew
 Far from the shore the weighty vessel drew :
 While massy piles, driven in the sandy ground,
 A barrier firm the inland bark surround.
 The altar then they raise beside the shore,
 Heap the smooth surface with the wheaten store, }
 And, standing round, thc' eternal powers adore ! }
 Then by the ship indulge the genial hour,
 And to the gods the free libation pour.
 Hunger appeas'd, on Phœbus they attend,
 And the bright Temple's lofty site ascend ;
 Onward before, with step celestial, trod
 The son of thundering Jove, the Archer-god ;
 While his skill'd fingers with immortal fire
 Struck strains of rapture from the warbling lyre.
 Following to Pythos' dome, the Cretan throng
 The Io-pæan raise in echoing song.
 That Pæan Crete of old was wont to raise,
 While every Muse divine inspir'd the lays.
 They climb the steep with labouring step and slow,
 And reach Apollo's seat, Parnassus' brow.
 The god is proud the region fair to own,
 And points his hallow'd fane and splendid throne ;—
 Fear-struck they stood : till first their leader broke
 The awful silence, and astonish'd spoke :—
 ' Far from our friends—far from our native home
 Since led by thee, O mighty power! we roam,

⁵⁸⁴ The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
 Then drop'd the anchor, and the pinnace tied.

As the original is *verbatim* from a passage in the *Iliad* I. I
 have adopted the words of Pope.

O teach thy suppliant votaries, we implore,
How to subsist on this ungenial shore!
Nor flocks nor herds the sterile region feeds,
No harvest ripens, and no vintage bleeds.'

Apollo, smiling, thus his mind express'd :—
' Vain man is still by causeless cares distress'd ;
But let me thus console each anxious breast. }
For know from every region, sent by all,
The frequent victim by your hands shall fall.
To you the winds shall waft from every shore
Of Nature's richest boons a plenteous store.—
My temple guard.—The crowds assembled here
Courteous receive, and my commands revere ;
That man, misjudging man, from ill refrain,
Nor act, nor word, my solemn rites profane :
Else shall ye bow beneath a foreign sway.—
Mark then my solemn mandates, and obey.'

Farewell awhile, high mid the powers above,
Offspring of fair Latona and of Jove ;
Soon shall my votive voice, in glowing lays,
The hymn again to glorious Phœbus raise.

HYMN TO MERCURY¹.

THE Hymn to Hermes now the Muses raise,
Cyllene's and Arcadia's plains who sways,
Arcadia fair, where flocks unnumber'd rove,
Hermes, the son of Maia and of Jove ;
The fair-hair'd Maia, who from Jove's embrace
Bore the swift herald of the ethereal race ;
Far from the synod of the heavenly crowd,
In a dark cave that gloomy forests shroud,
Wrap'd in the shade of night, while far away
In slumbers deep the white-arm'd Juno lay,
To mortals and immortals all unknown,
The son of Saturn loos'd her virgin zone.
But when, the amorous stealth no more conceal'd,
Ten circling months the Thunderer's will reveal'd,

¹ This Hymn is copied by Horace, in Ode 10. of lib. i. but who has greatly improved on his archetype. Dr. Jortin justly observes, that expression of the Roman poet, '*Jocosus furto*,' is handsomely added to insinuate, that Mercury did not make thieving his profession, but his amusement only: the author of the Hymn to Mercury, he adds, 'is not so polite; but represents his god as guilty first of theft and then of perjury. See Jortin's Tracts, vol. ii. p. 200.

I cannot but cite an observation of Saradon on this subject, as the acmé of absurdity. He says, 'This character of Mercury, which seems only a matter of diversion, yet is beneficial to mankind, by teaching them a proper vigilance in the care of their goods.'

The godlike child sprung forth ; a gentle smile
 Spoke his light breast, the seat of many a wile.
 Skill'd to purloin the herd with playful slight,
 And rule the shadowy visions of the night,
 Destin'd amid the' immortals to display
 Actions of wonder in one short-liv'd day.
 At morning born, beneath the noontide fire
 He struck with infant hand the thrilling lyre;
 And at the close of eve, in festive play,
 He drove Apollo's favourite herds away.
 No cradle long his active limbs confin'd,
 But rushing forth, he sought with eager mind
 The gloomy cave, where deep conceal'd from day
 The lowing kine of mighty Phœbus lay.
 Before the rock a tortoise slow he found,
 Browzing the flowery produce of the ground
 Doom'd to become, in future lapse of time,
 Of joy, of wealth, of fame the source sublime.
 For Hermes first inspir'd the hollow shell
 The rapturous strain of harmony to swell.

He smiled and said ;—' Symbol of tuneful worth!
 Thou shalt not lie neglected on the earth.
 Hail, sacred parent of the Æolian strain³⁷,
 Thou shalt not here mid mountain shades remain;
 I'll bear thee hence ; and the high polish'd dome,
 Enchanting shell! shall be thy future home :
 Then shall we both man's fix'd attention claim,
 And each on each reflect a mutual fame.
 Better than breathing, thus inglorious laid,
 Unknown and silent on the woodland glade.
 By death awak'd to glory, proudly shine,
 Swelling the lays of harmony divine.'

37 Hail, sacred parent of the Æolian strain.

Obviously from Αἰολός, variegated, and not from Æolia.

He said :—and straight within the splendid door
His steady arms the precious burden bore :
The trenchant steel his ready hand prepares,
And from the shell the mountain tortoise tears.
As in man's mind, with fire celestial fraught,
Still thought in quick succession follows thought ;
So in the immortal's wish will quick succeed,
To the intent, the full accomplish'd deed.
To the strong shell the reeds he first applied,
And o'er the surface drew the stubborn hide ;
Next from the fleecy sheep the entrails wrung,
His skilful hands seven chords symphonious strung ;
Then struck the lyre—loud sound the trembling
strings,
While to the strain his voice preluding sings.
The heavenly minstrel in his infant lays
The loves of Jove and Maia first displays :
Then all the menial train the dome who grace,
The massy tripod and the shining vase.
Such the pretences of his childish strain ;
But other thoughts deep in his breast remain.
Eager for prey, he hides the hollow lyre,
And to the mountain-brow his steps aspire,
While o'er his mind such thoughts usurp a power
As urge the robber in the midnight hour.
To ocean's sable waves from darkening heaven
His fiery car and coursers Sol had driven
When Hermes sought Pieria's mountain-shades,
Where herds immortal graz'd the flowery glades.
Then fifty kine, selected from the grove,
O'er the deep sands the heavenly plunderer drove.
Backward he drove—that, printed on the ground
Reverse, the footsteps might pursuit confound.

His shining sandals leaving on the strand,
 An artful work his ready fancy plann'd ;
 With leafy shrubs, pluck'd from Pieria's grove,
 A safeguard for his feet his fingers wove ;
 Defended thus, declining from his way,
 Through desultory paths he seem'd to stray.

Passing by fair Onchestus' grassy plain,
 Planting his vines he saw an aged swain,
 When Maia's son the hoary sire address'd :—
 ' O thou, who labouring bend'st to earth thy breast,
 The sapless root inserting in the soil ;
 O may the vigorous shoots repay thy toil !
 Though hearing, yet be deaf ; though seeing, blind ;
 So shall the favouring powers of heaven be kind.'

He said ; and through wild woods and flowery
 meads,

And hollow winding vales, the herd he leads.
 But now the night her welcome veil withdrew,
 And wide her ruddy beams Aurora threw :
 While, newly risen, her crescent Luna hung ;
 Luna from Pallas, mighty monarch, sprung⁹⁸.
 And now his cares the herds of Phœbus guide,
 Where bright Alpheus rolls his silver tide :
 In the high stall the lowing kine he feeds,
 Beside the glassy lake and verdant meads ;
 In the close walls his cares the herds confine,
 And heap the rack with provender divine :
 Then piles of wither'd wood collecting round,
 Artful to swell the cheering flame he found ;
 Laurel and palm upon the mass he cast,
 The green boughs crackling in the kindling blast.

⁹⁸ Luna from Pallas, mighty monarch, sprung.

Consequently Luna was not Diana, the daughter of Jove and Latona.

By Hermes taught, thus mortals learn'd to raise
From artificial fire the cheering blaze :
Increasing fuel on the pile he threw,
And far and wide the sparks resplendent flew.
As Vulcan swells the flames, his mighty breast
Two of the herd selecting from the rest,
Beside the pyre he draws ; there stretch'd they lie
Beneath his weighty blows, and struggling die ;
The limbs he sever'd from the' enclosing hide,
The fat and flesh his ready hands divide ;
Transfix the sacred loins with pointed wood,
And in a caul secure the sable blood ¹²⁰.
'The hide extended to the rock he brought,
(Such modern use by ancient custom taught)
Then in twelve parts divides with pious mind,
Each part to some superior power assign'd.
As the rich viands round their fumes dispense,
The odours, though a god, o'ercome his sense.
Yet not the sacred off'rings would he taste,
But on the lofty stall respectful plac'd.
Then with dry wood the sinking fire relumes,
And all the offals in the blaze consumes.
But when each consecrated rite was past,
His sandals in Alphens' stream he cast :
Then quench'd the flame, the embers hid with care,
For Luna's beams illum'd the midnight air.
But when the radiant beams of morning glow,
His steps returning, reach Cyllene's brow :
Nor god nor man obstruct his silent way,
Nor watchful dogs his secret path betray ;

¹²⁰ And in a caul secure the sable blood.

Thus it appears that sirloins of beef and black puddings are of high antiquity.

But like the misty vapours that arise,
 And wrap in deepening gloom the' autumnal skies,
 Friend'd by favouring Jove, the evening hour
 Brought him in safety to his natal bower :
 Thence issuing from the cave his footsteps gain,
 Light treading o'er the soil, the sacred fane.
 Then to the genial couch he gently flew,
 And o'er his limbs his infant vesture drew ;
 His head reclining, while his careful hand
 Grasp'd firm the vocal shell his skill had plann'd.
 Yet not conceal'd the infant god could lie,
 But met his goddess-mother's searching eye.
 ' Whither, (she cried) young vagrant, hast thou
 stray'd ?

Where hast thou wander'd through the midnight
 Soon shall, incens'd, Latona's son divine [shade ?
 In fetters strong thy wayward limbs confine.
 Which thus escaping from the lofty dome,
 Through the wild woods in search of plunder roam. . .
 Return—for surely Jove thy power design'd
 Alike the scourge of gods and humankind.'

In artful speech young Hermes thus replies :—
 ' Say whence, my mother, these reproofs arise ?
 Why rate you thus the offspring of a god,
 Like a weak infant trembling 'neath the rod ?
 Know, great designs are brooding in this heart,
 To thee and me which glory shall impart.
 Not here confin'd, of all the' immortal band
 Conceal'd and unrewarded shall we stand
 Doom'd to oblivion by thy harsh command ?
 Better to mix with heaven's ethereal race,
 While herds and treasur'd gold our altars grace,
 Than in a cave obscure, remote from day,
 Wear in inglorious sloth the years away.—

No ! may such splendid honours crown my head
As round Apollo's radiant temples spread :
And if my mighty sire refuse his aid,
Be by myself my prosperous fortunes made ;
The artful leader of some daring band,
Who roves for riches through the plunder'd land.
And should Latona's son obstruct my course,
He'd meet an equal or superior force.—
But now to Pytho's fane sublime I haste,
By tripods rich, and massy vases grac'd ;
Gold, steel, and splendid vestments thence I'll bear ;
Yourself the deed shall witness, if you dare.'

Thus in alternate speech, fair Maia strove
With Hermes, son of Ægis-bearing Jove.—
Emerging now from hoary ocean's bed,
Around her cheering rays Aurora shed :
When to Onchestus' fields Apollo goes,
Where the fair grove to Neptune sacred rose.
Far from the path he saw the aged swain,
His vineyard tending on the verdant plain,
When thus Apollo :—' Sire, whose feeble hands
Clear from rude thorns and briars Onchestus' lands,
I come from fair Pieria's distant shade,
To seek my herds that from the fold have stray'd,
All females,—deck'd with crooked horns each head,
Far, far aloof the subtle bull still fed.
Four faithful dogs constant their steps pursued,
Nearly with human prudence each endued.
Yet, wonderful to tell ! with vagrant mind,
The bull and faithful guardians left behind :
The heifers (newly set the evening sun)
From the green meads and fertile pastures run.
Say, hoary father, if you chanc'd to see
Some wily plunderer drive them o'er the lea.

‘Tis hard, O friend! (the ancient sire replied)
All to declare the eye may have descried :
The weary way since many travellers tread,
By evil some, and some by virtue led :
And not to human wisdom is assign’d
To trace the’ intention of each different mind.
From morn till dusky eve, with ceaseless toil,
My vines I planted in the fertile soil,
And here I saw, or seem’d at least to see,
(For aged sight from doubt is seldom free)
An infant boy conduct a horny band,
A slender sapling grasping in his hand,
Backward he led with guileful care along,
In desultory pace the lowing throng.’

Thus spoke the hoary swain, and from his sight
Swifter than speech Apollo wing’d his flight,
On outstretch’d pinion through the air he flew,
For Jove’s young son he in the robber knew.
With rapid step the Pylion shore he gains,
Seeking his heifers on the sandy plains ;
The radiant glories of a purple cloud
From human sight his ample shoulders shroud ;
The power divine, the footsteps tracing, cries—
‘ What wondrous object this that strikes my eyes !
Of cattle these the steps—but they recede
Toward the rich pasture and the verdant mead.
In those that follow, nor appear the trace
Of footsteps form’d by man’s superior race,
Nor of wild wolves and bears the savage train,
Nor of fleet stags or bulls that haunt the plain.
Hard was his task, and arduous was his deed,
Who such mysterious limbs endued with speed.’

Onward Apollo sprung with active bound,
And reach’d Cyllene’s heights with forests crown’d.

In the deep cave, where, won by potent love,
Maia, the child bore to Saturnian Jove.
Ambrosial odours spread the hill around,
And herds unnumber'd graz'd the fertile ground.
Descending through the stony valve, the god
The grotto's deep recess indignant trod.
Soon as the son of Jove and Maia saw,
Inflam'd with rage, stern Phœbus near him draw ;
As the heap'd cinders on the blazing pyre
Conceal the radiance of the glowing fire,
So in his fragrant cradle Hermes tried
From bright Apollo's kindling rage to hide ;
His head, his hands, his legs contracted kept,
As if by rural toil fatigued he slept :
The while, his new-form'd lyre from open view
Concealing, round his careful arm he threw.
To Phœbus stood at once reveal'd the truth,
He knew the mountain nymph and wily youth ;
Infant in form, but skill'd in every art
That long experienc'd cunning could impart.
Ranging with curious eye the dome around, }
Three deep recesses in the rock he found, }
Where nectar and ambrosial food abound.
While heaps of treasur'd gold their wealth display'd,
And many a white and purple vest was laid :
Such as with rich and polish'd texture shine
Within the portals of a dome divine.
Exploring thus with care each deep recess,
Latonius' words the subtle god address :
 'Thou cradled infant, but in fraud grown old,
Where thou hast driven my heifers, quick unfold !
Else shalt thou learn to dread the fatal hour,
Thou dar'st to trifle with superior power.

Far from the cheering light of azure heaven,
To the dark gloom of gulfs Tartarean driven.—
Thy mother weak—weak even thy father's sway
Again to bring thee to the realms of day.'

Mercurius thus, in artful speech, replies,
' Say, Phœbus, whence these cruel words arise ?
Why seek'st thou here thy wandering herds?—un-
known

To me their vagrant footsteps whither gone.
My strength can not in such pursuits engage,
Far other wants employ my infant age.
'Tis mine in slumber undisturb'd to rest,
Or draw sweet nurture from my mother's breast ;
My shoulders swath'd, while from the limpid wave
My tender limbs the tepid currents lave.
Who can conceive whence such a strife could rise—
A wonder mid the synod of the skies—
A child to light and life but newly brought
To steal thy herds—with folly teems the thought.
All must acquit an infant born to-day,
So feeble are my feet, so rude the way.
If more you ask, in conscious truth secure
My father's awful head, lo I adjure !
That guiltless of the deed myself I stand,
Nor knew what other mind the plunder plann'd.'

He said, his eyelids opening just to view,
While round his eyes in vacant gaze he threw ;
Murmuring as one from vacant slumber broke,
While, softly smiling, thus Apollo spoke.

' Thou dear deceitful boy ! if I can read
Aright, the deeds by future fate decreed,
Thy fruitful mind with many an artful wile,
The wondering race of mortals shall beguile ;

Now, screen'd beneath dark midnight's fav'ring
shade,

The empty dome thy footsteps shall pervade,
Now the known terror of the shepherd swain,
His flocks and herds purloining from the plain.—
But come, lest sleep eternal close thine eye,
Come, and with me through night's deep shadows fly;
While this among the gods shall be thy boast,
The first great leader of the pilfering host.'

He said, and bore Cyllenius from the cave,
The infant god the' auspicious omen gave.
Young Hermes on the earth Apollo plac'd,
And sat attentive, though impell'd by haste;
Then thus exhorting spoke; 'Fruit of the love
Of beauteous Maia and of thundering Jove,
Cheer'd by this omen now secure I go
To find my herds.—Lead on; the path you know.'

Hermes sprung on the Archer-god to lead,
Though his swath'd limbs his rapid course impede.
'Why must we thus speed on with agile feet,
(Cries Hermes) guiltless I of all deceit?
Perish the horned race, if thus the cause
That on my head thine indignation draws.
Unconscious of the theft myself, I stand;
Unconscious who the midnight plunder plann'd.
But to Saturnian Jove, lo! I appeal;
He'll judge the contest, and the truth reveal.'

Fair Maia's son, and bright Latona's heir,
Alternate thus their different minds declare;
While this with truth the subtle god arraigns
For the herds pilfer'd from the fertile plains:
With plausible accents that, in artful mood,
The heavenly archer labours to delude.

Intent on fraud and guile, with eager haste
Swift o'er the sandy plain Cyllenius pac'd :
With dignity behind, while slowly moves
The son of Jove and fair Latona's loves.
Soon on sublime Olympus' fragrant height
The gods appear, before their parent's sight,
Saturnian Jove : in whose impartial hand
The equal scales of truth and justice stand.
Swift through Olympus' seats the rumours sound,
And all the immortal synod crowd around.
Hermes, and he who bears the silver bow,
Anxious await their sire's award to know.—
At length high thundering Jove the silence broke,
And to his Archer-son inquiring spoke :—

‘ Apollo say, what cause induc'd thy breast
This new-born infant, like a herald dress'd,
Hither to bring, where deeds of mighty weight
Alone engage the eternal gods' debate?
When Phœbus thus : ‘ O sire, thy listening ear
Nor deed nor word of trivial weight shall hear,
Am I to blame?—is theft my sole employ?—
This leader of deceit, this fraudulent boy,
Passing o'er many a lengthen'd space of ground,
Amid Cyllene's mountains hoar I found,
Bold beyond all I've seen of heavenly birth,
Beyond the wily race who plunder earth,
My herds he drove 'neath Hesper's twilight reign
From their rich pastures to the roaring main,
Backward their steps the vagrant heifers trod,
Wond'rous to man, the labour of a god!
The footsteps printed on the yielding sand
The search elude of each pursuing hand,
While lightly gliding o'er the impressive way,
No marks the vestige of the god betray.

But, strange to tell!—the' imprinted tracks remain
As sapling oaks were dragg'd across the plain ³⁷².
But passing from the sand to firmer ground,
Nor of the herd or god a trace was found :
Till to an eye of mortal race 'twas given
To see the wide-horn'd kine to Pylos driven.
Secluded there, he bids the kindling fire
In piles divided to the skies aspire ;
While dark as night, conceal'd the infant lay,
Skreen'd in his cradle from the beams of day.
Safe from an eagle's sight, in sleepy guise,
He rubs, or seems to rub, his closing eyes,
While specious words, that wiles fallacious frame,
All sense, all knowledge of the theft disclaim.'

Apollo ceas'd—when thus, with artful breast,
Hermes the sire of gods and men address'd :—
' O father Jove ! the voice of truth believe ;
(For ne'er my voice was tutor'd to deceive)
When Sol just rising sow'd the' ethereal flame,
Seeking his herds, to me Apollo came.
From him injurious threatenings I endur'd,
No witness call'd on, and no god adjur'd ;
Mature himself in youth's full blooming pride,
Me, but a new-born infant, he defied ;
And, yester-morn just bursting from the womb,
Threaten'd to plunge in deep Tartarean gloom.—
Thou know'st—for thou avow'st thyself my sire—
My happy lot no plunder can require ;
Nor have my feet to pass the threshold tried,
So conscious truth asserts with honest pride ;
The glorious sun, and all the heavenly host,
Thee, and ev'n him, to honour is my boast.—

³⁷² See before, v. 81.

'These sacred seats of glory I adjure
To prove, what well thou know'st, my bosom pure.
Soon may these cruel insults be repaid,
Mighty though he, for thou the weak wilt aid.'

With half-clos'd eyes, but deep delusive mind,
Thus Hermes spoke, by infant swathies confin'd.
Jove laugh'd aloud, to hear the subtle youth
With specious language thus impugn the truth.
He bade each give the' unseemly contest o'er,
Nor heaven disturb with rude invective more;
Bade Hermes then unfold with guileless mind
Where Phœbus might his wandering heifers find.—
Aweful the mighty thunderer's eyebrows move,
Hermes obeys—who thwarts the will of Jove?—

Together now Saturnius' sons explore
The Pylian sands, and wide Alpheus' shore,
Till the fenc'd fields and cote, attract the sight,
Which the herds shelter through the hours of night.
Here Hermes entering, through the stony cave,
Open to view the hidden cattle gave.
Aloft Latonius saw each victim's hide,
And thus, inquiring, to Cyllenius cried :

'How could thy infant arms, O wond'rous boy!
Just wak'd to life, two vigorous beasts destroy?
Thy future strength with wonder I divine,
If years can add to native strength like thine.'

Of shrubs that sprung beneath their feet they wove
The pliant twigs, and, turning to the drove,
Binding them each to each, (so Hermes taught)
Forth from the cave with ease the herds they brought.
Phœbus admires his skill ;—in artful guise
While Hermes turn'd aside his sparkling eyes.
For well he knew, with heaven-directed skill,
To win the' eternal archer to his will.

Strong though he be ; for with celestial fire,
Grasping the shell, he struck the trembling wire,
With rapture warbled each symphonious string ;
The strains melodious sooth'd the Archer-king.
With joy unfelt before his passions swell,
And his heart vibrates to the enchanting shell.
Mercurius close to Phœbus' side remains,
His voice preluding to the sounding strains,
And pours in fervid ecstasy along
The rapturous current of immortal song.
He sung the' eternal gods, the' obscurer earth,
How they were form'd, and whence deriv'd their
But chief of all, Mnemosyne he sung, [birth :
That power from whom the sacred Muses sprung.
Alternate then he prais'd the' inferior powers,
Rang'd by their dignity, or natal hours.
Deep sunk the thrilling notes in Phœbus' breast,
And his wing'd words the stripling thus address'd :
 ' O thou, whose art has plann'd this new delight,
This sweet addition to the festal rite,
With joy for this I give my fifty kine ;
Henceforth let peace and love our breasts entwine.
Unequal meed for this my herds I know,
Yet freely take what freely I bestow.
But, artful son of Maia, truly say
Was this born with thee in thy natal day ?
Or did some god, or man of godlike force,
Open of sacred song this dulcet source ?
For sounds now vibrate on my raptur'd ear
Nor God nor man before were wont to hear ?
None equals thee of all the powers above,
O skiful son of Maia and of Jove !
To thee the Muses' choicest gifts belong,
And love and joy and slumber wait thy song.

Thy potent lyre can soothe to peace the breast,
 And hush each stormy passion into rest.
 Even I, companion of the Muse divine,
 The song, the dance, the choral cadence mine,
 E'en I so sweet a strain could ne'er compose
 As from thy native voice spontaneous flows.—
 So early wise, O hear me now declare
 Thyself, thy mother, my peculiar care.
 Favouring I'll lead thee, with benignant heart,
 Through heaven's high race, and splendid gifts im-
 part.'

In specious language Hermes thus replies—
 'Thy art I view not with invidious eyes,
 For well the art thou know'st.—O let me find
 Still grace and favour from thy copious mind.
 First of the thunderer's sons who rule above,
 Reading alone the high decrees of Jove,
 'Tis thine each wish'd attainment to acquire;
 Then, if thou wish to strike the sounding lyre,
 Friendly accept the gift; so while the wire
 Yields notes of sweeter descant struck by thee,
 New fame, new glory, shall devolve on me.
 On the skill'd bard, who with celestial powers
 Swells strains melodious mid the banquet's hours,
 Shall honour wait, while with unskilful mind
 Who pours the lay, disgrace and shame shall find.—
 Then take this gift, O glorious son of Jove!
 While I amid the hills and meadows rove:
 Tend of thy teeming herds the rich increase,
 Thus let, O king divine, thine anger cease.'

He said, and gave the lyre—with smiling look
 The grateful present pleas'd Apollo took:
 And, in return, with friendly hand bestow'd
 To guide the vagrant herds a splendid goad.

**Apollo then first tries the warbling strings,
And in symphonious strain melodious sings ;
Struck by his hand, and with his voice combin'd,
Pleasures, till then unknown, entranc'd the mind.**

The herds to pasture driven; the sons of Jove
Toward high Olympus' snow-clad summit move;
The sounding lyre the weary lay beguiles,
And on the friendly league the thunderer smiles.
While, added to the shell, another meed
Cyllenius kindly gives—the warbling reed.—
When Phæbus thus :—‘ So well your wiles I

know,
Perhaps, in jest, the gifts you now bestow,
You may purloin, or take my silver bow ³¹⁶!
For our dread sire has given you power to change
Whate'er you list, through all creation's range.
Then the tremendous waves of Styx adjure,
So shall I rest from future loss secure.'

The sacred pledge Mercurius gave again,
His stores no more to touch, or haunt his fane ;
While, first of mortal or immortal race,
With friendship Phœbus Hermes vows to grace :
And adds—‘ This proof of faith sincere receive
Which, as a mark of friendship firm, I give.
This golden rod, which circling leaves entwine,
Of wealth and happiness the source divine :
This cause of every good in earth or heaven
To me by sovereign Jove’s command was given ;

516 You may purloin, or take my silver bow.

This seems to have given the hint to Horace in this passage of the ode before cited—

**Videns pharetram
Risit Apollo.**

For nor to thee nor any power is known
 Fate's future doom, save mighty Jove alone.
 And I alone of all the powers above
 Can read, with certain eye, the will of Jove.
 Then, brother, though you grasp this golden rod,
 Ask not from me the counsels of the god.—
 In curious search of fate, all human kind
 Shall much of good and much of evil find.
 With me alone the sacred powers remain,
 Truth only issues from my holy fane,
 But man, weak man, of fancied science vain,
 In flight of birds seeks heaven's mysterious will,
 His wavering mind while hopes fallacious fill.
 But listen, Jove, and Maia's glorious heir !
 A further wonder while my words declare—
 The Destinies, three virgin-sisters, fly
 On rapid pinion through the ambient sky,
 In fair Parnassus' vales they dwell—their heads
 Of sacred wheat the white farina spreads ⁵⁴⁹.
 Teachers of prophecy, from whom I tried
 In youth to learn the art my sire denied.
 Quaffing the rich metheglin's juice, they taught
 Some truths divine, with mighty wonder fraught ;
 But, failing this nectareous draught, away
 From truth's fair paths they led mankind astray.
 These now to thee I give ; thence shalt thou find
 Means sometimes to delight thy vacant mind,
 And on inquiring man by chance bestow
 The power his future destiny to know.
 O'er these extend your sway ; and o'er the train
 Of flocks and herds that graze the flowery plain,

549 Of sacred wheat the white farina spreads.

The Fates then first used hair-powder.

The generous steed, the patient mule's mix'd brood,
And all the ravenous race that prowl the wood.
Thou, too, the herald to the shades below,
Who, poor themselves, can treasures rich bestow.'

Apollo thus his brother fondly lov'd,
While mighty Jove his friendly zeal approv'd.
Of gods and men, those who his arts believ'd,
Some he assisted, but he more deceiv'd.
O Jove and Maia's son, farewell! again,
Spon will I hail thee in a newer strain.

HYMN TO VENUS¹.

SING, Cyprian Venus! praise, O tuneful Muse!
Who heaven's high host with love's sweet joys im-
Spreads o'er mankind her universal reign, [bues,
O'er all who wing the air, or tread the plain⁴,
O'er all who cleave the wave; or all obey,
Bless'd Cytherea! thy celestial sway.
Three goddesses alone thy power withstand,
Nor feel thy witching arts, nor own thy influence
bland.

The blue-eyed maid, daughter of mighty Jove,
Pallas! ne'er tastes the golden joys of love.
The' ensanguin'd fields of Mars her chief delight,
The meed of glory and the storm of fight.
She first imparted to the rural swain
To guide the ploughshare, and to drive the wain;
She taught the maid, in the secluded room,
To weave the silken web and ply the loom.
Nor could the laughter-loving goddess move
The huntress Dian to the rites of love.

¹ Bergler vindicates the genuineness of this ode from the number of parallel passages in the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid*, though the last seems to have the greatest weight. A forger might think to establish his credit by imitation from the acknowledged works of Homer; but Virgil would hardly have condescended to copy an inferior poet: the same reasoning applies to the next note.

4 O'er all who wing the air, or tread the plain.

Lucretius has nearly translated this, in the opening of his poem.

All her delight the woodland walks to trace,
 And chase with silver bow the bestial race ;
 Or, sacred shades and hallow'd domes among,
 Weave the light dance or wake the choral song.
 Nor have the powers of Venus ever sway'd
 Vesta, from Saturn sprung, celestial maid,
 Though Neptune, azure ocean's mighty lord,
 And Phœbus each the sacred nymph ador'd.
 Both she rejected with determin'd breast,
 While thus her vows eternal Jove attest :
 ' O let me ne'er ascend the nuptial bower,
 But undefil'd preserve my virgin flower !'
 The god approv'd ; and gave this splendid dower }
 Stead of the bridal rite—that first on high
 She sit amid the daughters of the sky ;
 Honour'd above the rest her holy fane
 By gods above and man's inferior train.

Of mortal and immortal powers, alone
 These scorn the charms of Cytherea's throne.
 All else beneath the wide expanse of day
 Bow to the goddess, and confess her sway.
 Even he, the power who reigns supreme above,
 First of the first, the thunder-bearing Jove,
 Feels the mild influence of the genial flame,
 Struck by the charms of many a mortal dame :
 Forgetting for a while the nuptial vows
 To Juno pledg'd, his sister and his spouse,
 From Saturn and from Rhea sprung, in face
 And form superior to the' immortal race.
 Jove chose her for his queen, with prudent breast,
 By sense, by worth, distinguish'd from the rest.

Jove, in return, bids mortal charms impart
 A potent influence to his daughter's heart ;

Lest proudly mid the gods' assembled host
 The queen of smiles and winning arts should boast,
 That while the gods, inspir'd by lawless flame,
 Were proud of offspring from a mortal dame,
 Her dignity no goddess should disgrace,
 Or yield her beauties to a man's embrace.

For young Anchises (who on Ida's brow,
 Whence to the main unnumber'd fountains flow,
 Tended his herds, whose face and form divine
 Of mortal birth, mate heaven's immortal line)
 He breath'd in Venus' breast the glowing fire;
 She saw perfection, and she felt desire.
 To the soft Cyprian shores the goddess moves,
 To visit Paphos and her blooming groves ⁶⁵,
 Where to the power a hundred altars rise,
 And breathing odours scent the balmy skies.
 Conceal'd she bathes in consecrated bowers,
 The Graces unguents shed ambrosial showers;
 Unguents that charm the gods! she last assumes
 Her wondrous zone; and full the goddess blooms.
 Leaving the Cyprian groves, her long-lov'd sway,
 Borne through the skies, to Troy she wings her
 Ascending then irrignous Ida's shades, [way.
 Haunted by savage tribes her forest glades :
 She sought the neatherd's cote, the ravening crew }
 Of lions, ounces, pards, her steps pursue, }
 Charm'd into softness as her eyes they view,
 With gentle blandishment the goddess greet,
 Bask in her smiles, and fawn before her feet.
 She reach'd the cote, and found the lovely swain
 Anchises, sole from all the rural train,

⁶⁵ To visit Paphos and her blooming groves.

As the same passage occurs almost verbatim in the *Odyssey*, lib. viii. I have adopted the version of Pope.

The herds who tended ; while with heavenly fire
 His hands struck rapture from the' enchanting lyre.
 Before him Jove's celestial daughter stood,
 In show an humble nymph that haunts the wood,
 Lest, in the form of heavenly beauty bright,
 The glorious image should appal his sight.
 Her form, her mien, her garb's resplendent folds
 With wondering gaze the' astonish'd swain beholds.
 Loose flows her robe with variegated charms,
 And shining bracelets clasp her beauteous arms,
 While jewels, beaming bright as Luna's ray,
 Their lustre on her snowy breast display.
 Anchises stands transfix'd with fierce desire,
 And thus he utters what his thoughts inspire :—

‘ Say who thou art, goddess of heavenly race!
 Who thus my lowly cottage deign'st to grace?
 Dian, Latona, or of Cyprus' shade
 The queen, or Themis, or the blue-eyed maid?
 Or of the Graces one, who still remain,
 Themselves immortal, with the' immortal train?
 Or a bright Oread, or a Dryad fair,
 Who make the groves and mountain haunts their
 Or a young sister of the Naiad throng [care?
 Who sport the streams and watry vales among?—
 To thee aloft upon the craggy height
 The fane I'll rear, and pay the hallow'd rite ;
 Thy constant votary.—So thy power shall give,
 Honour'd mid Troy's prond sons, thy slave to live ;
 To see a lovely and a virtuous race
 My nuptial couch and smiling circle grace ;
 View many a year bright Sol the skies illumine,
 Then sink in age and glory to the tomb.’

Venus, Jove's beauteous daughter, thus replied :
 ‘ Anchises! of man's earth-born race the pride !

No birth of heavenly origin I claim,
But sprung a mortal from a mortal dame.
Otreus, my warlike sire, whose power commands
The wide expanse of Phrygia's fertile lands :
Our common speech the same.—In Ilium's towers
Foster'd with care I pass'd my infant hours.
A nurse receiv'd me from a mother's breast,
And with a mother's love my youth caress'd.
But Hermes, master of the silver rod,
Mid Dian's votaries while the dance I trod,
A train of high-born nymphs in sportive play
Engag'd—he tore me from my friends away.
Borne by the wily God, with furious haste,
O'er many a cultur'd field and barren waste,
With rapid course our active footsteps bound,
Scarce touching as they skim along the ground :
My charms (he said) Anchises' bed should grace,
By him the mother of a numerous race.
The task perform'd, aloft on pinions light
To heaven's imperial seats he wing'd his flight.
Thus urg'd by fate I come ; and now implore
By that high power whom men and gods adore ;
By those who gave thee birth, an honour'd pair,
For none of humble rank boast such an heir.
If by thy hand my virgin charms are led
To crown with joy thy hymeneal bed,
First bring me to thy parents' fond embrace,
Thy happy kindred and fraternal race ;
Neither shall feel abash'd thy bride to claim,
Or by a sister's or a daughter's name.—
Borne by swift steeds, an active herald send
Where fertile Phrygia's ample plains extend ;
Given by my parents, we shall soon behold
Gems of high price and vestures rough with gold.—

Then let thy hands the nuptial feast prepare,
Which many a god and god-like mortal share.'

Thus Venus spoke; Anchises thus replies;
While mutual passion beams from either's eyes—
'If mortal thou, sprung from a mortal dame,
Otreus thy father, as thy words proclaim,
By Hermes hither brought—O still through life,
Still shall I hail thee as my beauteous wife;
And none of mortal or immortal race
Shall e'er divorce thee from my fond embrace,
Not e'en if Phœbus with his silver bow
Mark me a victim for the shades below,
Till, lovely woman, with thy beanties bless'd:
Then could I meet my fate with placid breast.'

He said; and straight the blushing goddess led,
With eye averted, to the nuptial bed,
Spread with the skins of savage beasts; the spoils
In woodland warfare of his manly toils.—
The genial couch of love ascending both;
Anchises from her bosom, nothing loth,
Throws every splendid ornament aside,
Unbinds her zone and clasps the willing bride:
Favour'd by heaven and fate, unconscious press'd
A yielding goddess to his ardent breast.—
But from the flowery meads and pastures fair,
What time the shepherds drive their fleecy care,
O'er her fair form her vesture Venus threw,
While Morpheus steeps the swain in poppi'd dew;
And by the conscious couch's humble side
Stood deck'd in radiance of celestial pride: [move
'O'er her warm cheek and swelling breast while
The bloom of young desire and purple light of love:'

When Venus thus: 'Dardanian youth, awake!
The fetters of surprise and slumber break.—

Say, am I now in the same semblance dight
As when my form first struck thy raptur'd sight?

He burst the bands of sleep :—before him shine
The charms celestial of the power divine.
His awe-struck eye the heavenly form survey'd,
And with averted look he trembling said :—

' Soon, goddess, as I saw thy form and face,
I knew thee not deriv'd of mortal race ;
Knew thee some bright descendant of the skies,
Thy heavenly radiance veil'd in mortal guise.
By thundering Jove adjur'd, O goddess, give
Thy suppliant, not despis'd on earth to live :
Few since his years who in his mortal arms
Has rapturous clasp'd a heavenly goddess' charms.'

' O first of human kind! (the goddess cried)
Of waning man the glory and the pride !
Hush all thy fears :—no ill to thee shall rise
From me, or any inmate of the skies.
Dear to the gods art thou, thy son more dear,
Whose line shall last through many a circling year.
On great Æneas falls the Trojan reign,
While sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.'
Æneas call'd, alas! from my disgrace²⁰⁷,
A goddess match'd with one of mortal race.
Oft have the immortals, by affection mov'd,
The favour'd sons of Trojan lineage loved :
Hence Ganymede, the thundering sire of yore,
To the celestial mansions fondly bore,
Where to the' applauding circle, graceful round
He pour'd the bowl with rosy nectar crown'd,

²⁰⁷ Æneas call'd, alas! from my disgrace.

From *Αἰνός* *unfortunate*, not *Αἰνός* *praise*, as Ainsworth derives it. But he goes a little further, and derives it originally from the Hebrew, and says it is equivalent with John.

While anxious sorrows on his father wait,
 Unconscious of his son's uncertain state ;
 Till pitying Jove his wasting care survey'd,
 And with a splendid boon his grief allay'd ;
 For of celestial steeds a generous breed
 He gave, from age and death for ever freed ;
 Such as among the glorious realms above
 O'er heaven's high arch the gods eternal drove.
 Pleas'd with the gift, the father's woes subside,
 Urging the immortal steeds with conscious pride.—
 Of the same race Tithonus hence was borne
 By bright Aurora, goddess of the morn !
 Then at the feet of cloud-compelling Jove
 She ask'd eternal life to grace her love.
 His awful head the god assenting bows ;
 But vain the grant, and lost in air her vows :
 Alas ! the further prayer escap'd her mind,
 That endless youth with endless years were
 join'd.

Long as he bloom'd in life's ambrosial May
 The blushing goddess of the morning ray,
 By ocean's waves and earth's extremest bound
 Revell'd in joy, and rapture's smiling round.
 But soon as o'er his face and palsied head
 The hoary tresses mark'd by age were spread,
 No more he shar'd Aurora's genial bed. }
 Yet in her dome he dwelt, an honour'd guest,
 With splendid robes and food ambrosial bless'd.
 But when increasing years his nerves unstrung
 Useless his torpid limbs and faltering tongue ;
 Secluded from the gaze of curious eyes
 The victim of decaying nature lies.

‘ Not then for thee I ask of heaven's high train
 Unceasing years of wretchedness and pain,

Long as thou rest with youth and beauty stor'd,
 Proud will I own thee as my nuptial lord:
 But when old age, with slow but certain pace
 Advancing, robs thee of each blooming grace,
 A source to me of sorrow and of pain,
 Thou shalt not rest amid the ethereal train,
 Prompt to upbraid me, since my potent charms
 Have oft allur'd them to a mortal's arms;
 For each too well my powerful influence knows,
 Which art can ne'er elude or strength oppose.
 Say, will they then their keen reproaches spare,
 My bosom teeming with a mortal heir?
 Him, soon as Sol's bright rays his eyes explore,
 The nymphs shall nurture mid the mountains hoar:
 The Dryads, who the upland forests trace,
 Scarcely of mortal or immortal race:
 For long their lives, and mid the' immortal choir
 They share the' ambrosial feast and strike the lyre;
 While in the shaded grotto's deep recess
 Their charms bright Hermes and Silenus bless.—
 With these congenial, o'er the upland glade
 Impervious forests spread their hallow'd shade
 Of gloomy pine or monumental oak²⁷⁰,
 Where the rude axe ne'er rear'd the fatal stroke.
 But when the faded leaf and wither'd bark
 The fatal hour of dissolution mark:
 Each hamadryad with her kindred tree [see.—
 Sinks, doom'd no more Sol's cheering beams to
 Our offspring these shall foster, till the grace
 Of smiling Hebe deck his blooming face:
 Then to thy arms with undissembled joy
 The woodland nymphs shall bring the lovely boy.

²⁷⁰ Of gloomy pine or monumental oak.

Thence when their course five circling years have
run,

Myself will greet thee with thy godlike son.

Proud shalt thou stand exulting in the sight,

A mortal youth with heavenly glories dight.—

Passing, proud Ilium's sacred towers among,

Should any mortal, with inquiring tongue,

Ask, whose prolific womb the stripling bless'd :

Attend!—and careful mark my high behest:—

From Calycopis say, he drew his race,

Whose steps this forest-shaded mountain trace.—

But if in speech vain-glorious, thou proclaim

Thy happy love and Cytherea's shame :

Indignant then against thy prostrate head

Shall the red bolts of angry Jove be sped.—

Let not this strict command in vain be given :

Be silent, and avoid the wrath of heaven !'

She said :—aloft the goddess wing'd her way,

Amid the regions of celestial day.

Farewell, bright queen of Cyprian groves ! again,

Soon will I greet thee with another strain.

TO THE SAME.

BE Venus, crown'd with golden wreaths, my theme,
Venus, in Cyprus' wave-wash'd seats supreme,
Where the moist Zephyrs to the favour'd shore
From Ocean's foam the lovely goddess bore.
The smiling Hours receiv'd the heavenly guest,
And her fair limbs in robes celestial dress'd ;
Her ivory front a rich tiara wears,
And shining pendants glitter in her ears ;
Her beauteous neck and snowy bosom shine
With jewels rich and ornaments divine,
Such as adorn the circling race above,
When awed they stand around the throne of Jove,
Deck'd thus in splendid garb, the golden Hours
Led the fair goddess to the immortal bowers.
Each god to gain the lovely stranger tried,
For each, enamour'd, wish'd her for his bride.

O crown'd with violets ! on whose sable brow
Beams warm desire—bright Cytherea ! show
Thy humble votary favour—so again
My voice shall hail thee in a grateful strain.

BACCHUS;

OR,

THE PIRATES.

OF Bacchus, Semele's illustrious heir,
My strains shall now the glorious deeds declare.
As on the promontory's rugged brow,
That frowns upon the raging deep below,
A youth, in manhood's opening bloom array'd,
To the fresh gale, while loose his tresses play'd
The god appear'd—in many a purple fold,
A floating robe was o'er his shoulders roll'd.
Sudden a race from the Tyrsenian shore,
Plowing the azure wave, his form explore :
Pirates, who haunt the seas with lawless power,
But thither driven by fate in luckless hour.
With eager eye the godlike youth they mark,
Then seize and joyful bear him to the bark.
For well they deem'd him of some mighty king
The heir, whose worth would precious ransom bring.
His active limbs with pliant withes they bound—
In vain—he burst and strew'd them on the ground.
He sat and view'd their power with scornful sight;
The pilot mark'd the god with wild affright.
He call'd the crew around, and trembling cried—
' Wretches! your sacrilegious hands have tried

To bind some inmate of heaven's high abode;
The sinking ship avows the immortal load,
Sure in this form I Jove or Neptune know,
Or Phœbus, dreadful, with the silver bow;
For ne'er was he deriv'd from human race,
But sprung from those of high Olympus' race.—
Haste then, and let us to the neighbouring shore,
With suppliant vows the offended god restore;
Lest his high mandate bid the tempest rave
With fatal roar, and whelm us in the wave.'

'Slave that thou art,' (the angry chief replies,
Indignant fury kindling in his eyes)

'Ply every oar and spread each swelling sail,
For now propitious blows the freshening gale.
This youth, on Egypt's or on Cyprus' coast,
Or the far climes of Hyperborean frost,
Shall to our ears his happy state unfold,
His friends, his kindred, and his treasured gold;
While joyful we shall hail the happy hour
That plac'd the royal hostage in our power.'

Thus saying—to the breeze the sail they gave,
The oars alternate swept the foaming wave.
When lo! their gazing eyes astonish'd mark,
With rosy wine o'erflow the rapid bark:
The odours round, a fragrant steam diffuse;
Awe-struck, each mariner the wonder views.
Around the cordage verdant vines extend,
Loaded with purple fruit, the branches bend;
While, ever sacred to the god of wine,
Mingled the Ivy's barren tendrils twine:
With flowery wreaths is crown'd each bench and oar.
'Haste, pilot! haste! (they cry) and make the shore.'
In vain they cry—with deep dismay they view,
The god tremendous mid the trembling crew,

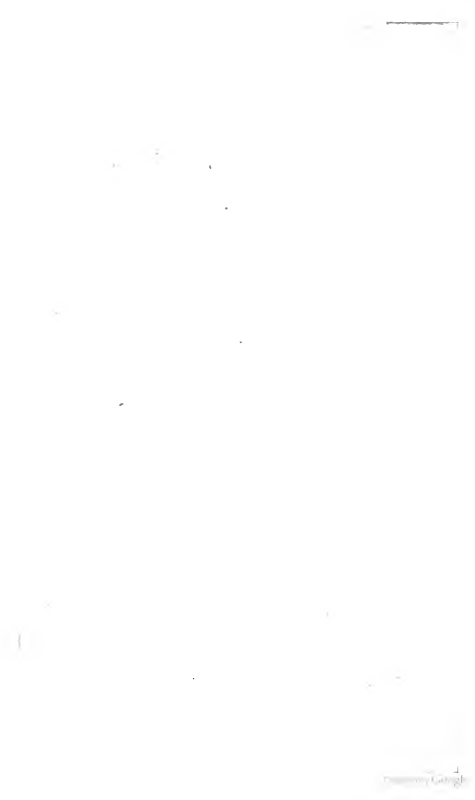
In form a lion stand, with shaggy mane,
Rough as the beast that prowls the Arctic plain.
Dread glare his angry eyes—he roars aloud,
The seamen round the prudent pilot crowd.
He seiz'd the chief—awe-struck, the inferior train
Leap'd from the deck and brav'd the billowy main.
Each, in a dolphin's shape, the surges cleaves,
While Bacchus thus the pilot's mind relieves :
' Be confident—my favour thou shalt share,
Thy future hours shall feel my fostering care ;
Behold in me, high mid the powers above,
Bacchus, the son of Semele and Jove.'

Hail, bright-eyed son of Semele divine,
Still shall thy glories in my numbers shine.

HYMN TO MARS.

MARS!—god of armies! mid the ranks of war
Known by thy golden helm, and rushing car;
Before whose lance with sound terrific fall
The massy fortress and the embattled wall;
Father of victory! whose mighty powers
And brazen spears protect Olympus' towers;
By whom the brave to high renown are led,
Whom justice honours and whom tyrants dread;
Who mid the seven revolving orbs above,
O'er heaven's blue arch thy fiery coursers drove.—
Hail, friend to man! whose cares to youth impart
The arm unwearied, and the undaunted heart.—
O, be thy favouring ear to me inclin'd;
Breathe martial vigour through thy votary's mind;
So shall my breast the bold attack oppose,
Or mock the vengeance of insidious foes:
Yet while my bosom glows with martial fire,
Still with the love of peace my soul inspire.
Be concord's sacred laws my first delight;
Far from the dangers and the toils of fight.

ODES.



O D E S.

TO DIANA.

Now let the Muse Diana's glory sing;
Diana! sister of the archer-king,
Skill'd, like her brother, from the sounding bow
The arrow with unerring aim to throw.
Whose coursers, from fair Meles' reedy shore,
O'er Smyrna's fields the golden chariot bore,
To Clarus' vine-clad hills; beneath whose shade
Apollo waits the arrow-loving maid.

Hail, goddess! hail! from thee among the train
Of female deities begins my strain.
From thee to other powers I'll tune my lyre,
And strike with votive hands the thrilling wire.

TO VENUS.

HAIL, Cytherea! whom the favour'd earth
Of Cyprus claims, exulting in thy birth.—
Bright queen! adorn'd with every winning grace,
The smile enchanting and the blooming face.
Goddess! o'er Cyprus' fragrant groves who reign,
And Salamis' high-cultivated plain;
O with thy breath inspire my humble lays,
So shall I sing in sweetest verse thy praise.

TO MINERVA.

MINERVA sing, o'er cities who presides,
Yet dread as Mars the storm of battle guides,
O'erturns the wall, or shouts along the plain,
Yet leads of wandering tribes the vagrant train.
Hail, goddess! to thy humble votary give,
In fortune and in happiness to live.

TO JUNO.

HIGH seated on thy golden throne above,
The sister and the spouse of thundering Jove,—
Daughter of Rhea! heaven's immortal queen,
In form excelling and majestic mien;
With equal zeal by all the gods ador'd,
As ægis-bearing Jove, Olympus' lord.

TO CERES.

To bright-hair'd Ceres, and the lovely maid¹
Proserpina, my votive verse be paid.
List to my song, and with propitious powers
From every hostile inroad guard these towers.

¹ To bright-hair'd Ceres, and the lovely maid.

The first line and first word of the second, in this fragment, are the same with the beginning of the long hymn to Ceres, discovered in the last century, and elegantly translated by Mr. Hule.

TO THE MOTHER OF THE GODS.

MOTHER of gods and men! to thee the lay,
The tuneful Muse, daughter of Jove, shall pay :
To thee, whose ears in loudest sounds rejoice,
The echoing cymbal and the trumpet's voice,
The wolf whose howlings shake the mountains hoar,
And the tremendous lion's awful roar.—
Thee, with each heavenly goddess in thy train,
Thy votary hails in tributary strain.

TO HERCULES.

To Hercules, great son of Jove, the song
I raise, the chief of earth's illustrious throng,
Whom, mid the groves on Thebes' delightful shore,
To Saturn's mighty son Alcmena bore.
O'er all the vast expanse of sea and land,
Wandering by Eurystheus' stern command,
Much acting, suffering much, he gain'd the meed
Of deathless fame by many a glorious deed.
Now given on high Olympus to reside,
He clasps the blooming Hebe as his bride.—
Hail, royal son of Jove, accept my lays;
With wealth and virtue crown thy suppliant's days.

TO ÆSCULAPIUS.

To Æsculapius now I raise the strain,
Before whose art fly pale disease and pain.—
To Phœbus, whom Coronis fair and young,
Coronis, from the royal Phlegyas sprung,
Bore mid the Dotian plains :—a bless'd relief
To suffering man from anguish and from grief.
Hail, mighty king! and with propitious ear,
O deign thy humble suppliant's vows to hear.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

CASTOR and Pollux, tuneful Muse, now sing ;
The offspring of the cloud-compelling king,
When on Taygetus' high-rising crest
The son of Saturn lovely Leda press'd.
Hail, ye Tyndaridæ, well skill'd to train
The fiery courser for the' embattled plain.

TO MERCURY AND PAN.

HERMES! who wakeful Argus slew, I sing¹;
Of fair Arcadia and Cyllene king.

¹ This ode is usually divided into two : the first part, as far as ver. 12, being inscribed to Mercury, and the rest to Pan ; but I think erroneously. Indeed, in strict propriety, the whole should, I think, be inscribed to Mercury only ; though much relating to his son Pan is introduced.

The' etherial herald of the realms above,
 The son of Maïa and of thundering Jove.
 Far from the powers divine, in midnight's hour,
 Saturnius met her in the secret bower :
 From gods and men the amorous theft conceal'd,
 And Juno's eyes in heavy slumber seal'd.
 O son of Jove and Maia! fond to grace
 With kind benevolence the human race,
 Farewell awhile ; for the melodious Muse
 The glories of thy sylvan son pursues,
 With cloven feet and horned front who roves
 With choirs of nymphs, amid the echoing groves ;
 And, while the mountains craggy heights among, }
 He joins in active dance the virgin throng, }
 To Pan, the pastoral god, they raise the choral }
 song :

To Pan, with tangled locks, whose footsteps tread
 Each snow-crown'd hill and mountain's lofty head ;
 Or wander careless through the lowly brake,
 Or by the borders of the lucid lake ;
 Till climbing thence again the upland brow,
 He views the fleecy myriads spread below.
 Oft the goat-haunted cliffs he loves to trace ;
 Oft with keen eye pursues the sylvan chase
 Amid the vales ; or to mild Hesper's ray
 Breathes from the warbling reed the pastoral lay.
 Not sweeter flows sad Philomela's song,
 Plaining the woods and leafy wilds among,
 While beating with their bounding feet the plain,
 And joining with their voice the dulcet strain,
 The Oreads crowd around, whose heavenly song
 The sounds of echo from the hills prolong.
 The god, whose back a lynx's spoil o'erspreads,
 With active step the frolic measure treads ;

And as the dance they weave, sweet flowers beneath,
 Of varied hue, their mingled odours breathe.
 The festive strains to high Olympus rise,
 Soothing the mighty synod of the skies:
 But far above the rest, the votive lays
 To Hermes, herald of the gods, they raise;
 Who haunts Arcadia's green irriguous glades,
 Crowded with flocks—and fair Cyllene's shades;
 Where, though a god, to love's soft sway he bends,
 And a weak mortal's fleecy charge attends;
 Won by fair Dryope's victorious charms,
 He clasp'd the blooming virgin in his arms.
 From her embrace sprung the rude god to light;
 Of dreadful form and horrible to sight;
 Goat-footed—horn'd, yet full of sport and joy,
 The nurse astonish'd, fled the wond'rous boy:
 His shaggy limbs the trembling matron fear'd,
 His face distorted and his rugged beard.
 But Hermes, from her hands, receiv'd the child,
 And on the infant-god auspicious smil'd;
 In the thick fur wrapp'd of a mountain-hare,
 His arms the boy to steep Olympus' bear.
 Proudly he shows him to imperial Jove,
 High seated mid the' immortal powers above.
 With friendly joy and love, the race divine,
 But chiefly Bacchus, god of mirth and wine,
 Receive the dauntless god, whom Pan they call—
 Pan—for his song delights the breasts of *all*⁶³.
 Farewell!—propitious hear my suppliant strain,
 Soon shall I wake the votive wire again.

⁶³ Pan—for his song delights the breasts of *all*.

The English reader must be told that *Pan*, (*Παν*) in *Greek*, signifies *all*.

TO VULCAN.

SING, tuneful Muse, Vulcan with wisdom fraught,
Vulcan, with blue-ey'd Pallas join'd, who taught
Man's earth-born race, that, like the bestial brood,
Haunted the rugged cave or sheltering wood,
The' inventive powers of dædal art to know,
And all the joys from social life that flow ;
In search no more of casual seats to roam,
But rear with skilful hand the lasting dome.—
Propitious Vulcan ! may thy favouring power
Virtue and fortune on thy votary shower.

TO APOLLO.

PHŒBUS ! to whom, upborne on sounding wings,
By the Penian spring the cygnet sings ;
To whom the followers of the tuneful Nine
Their earliest and their latest lays consign ;
Hail, mighty master of the warbling lyre !
Deign to accept the numbers you inspire.

TO NEPTUNE.

NEPTUNE, I sing, the god whose potent hand
Shakes the tumultuous sea and solid land :
The Ocean-lord, o'er Helicon who reigns,
O'er spacious Ægæ's wide extended plains ;

To whom the gods, with equal skill concede,
To guide the bark and tame the fiery steed.
God of the azure hair ! great Neptune, hail !
And guard the daring race who o'er the billows sail.

TO JUPITER.

THE first, the greatest, of the powers above,
Supreme in majesty, eternal Jove !
I sing ;—who, sitting fast by 'Themis' side,
Bid'st just decrees the course of Nature guide.
O favour to thy prostrate votary show,
Thou great first cause of each event below !

TO VESTA.

VESTA, who dwell'st in Pytho's hallow'd shrine,
And with Apollo shar'st the rite divine ;
Whose locks ambrosial unguents ever shed,
O'er this bless'd dome, with Jove, thy influence
spread.

TO APOLLO AND THE MUSES.

To Jove, to Phœbus, to the virgin-choir
Of high Parnassus, strike the sounding lyre.
For all who pour the lay, or touch the string,
Inspir'd by Phœbus and the Muses sing,

While to regal race Jove's will consign'd,
 To sway with mild, and equal law, mankind.—
 Accept my numbers, and my hymn approve,
 Offspring divine of cloud-compelling Jove!

TO BACCHUS.

THE lay to ivy-crowned Bacchus move,
 The son of beauteous Semele and Jove;
 Receiv'd by fair-hair'd nymphs, a lovely throng,
 Delightful Nyssa's fertile vales among.
 Thence, by the favour of his mighty sire,
 Rising in strength, he join'd the' immortal choir;
 Nurtur'd by goddesses—he thence again
 Strays through the tangled grove or shrubby plain,
 Leading the nymphs, with bay and ivy crown'd:
 The spacious forests with his shouts resound.—
 God of the purple vine!—Bacchus! prolong
 Through circling hours and years thy votary's song.

TO DIANA.

QUEEN of the golden bow, Dian, I sing,
 The much-lov'd sister of the Archer-king,
 Loosing the arrow from the twanging string;
 The steepy rocks and woodland walks among,
 Dealing destruction mid the sylvan throng:
 And while the fatal arrows fly around,
 The echoing shades with bestial cries resound.
 The trembling earth and seas their fear avow,
 Firm treads the goddess of the golden bow;

On every side a deadly shaft she speeds,
 By every shaft a destin'd victim bleeds;
 Till, sated with the sport, the Archer-maid,
 Her bow unbent, seeks Delphi's sacred shade,
 There in her brother, great Apollo's fane,
 The Muses and the Graces in her train,
 She leads the dance, and swells the choral strain. }
 With voice divine the votive hymn they raise
 To fair Latona's and her offspring's praise.
 Above, amid the heavenly synod plac'd,
 With counsels sage and glorious actions grac'd.
 Favouring, receive the humble verse I pay,
 Soon will I hail ye in a newer lay.

TO PALLAS.

My strain, Minerva, blue-ey'd goddess, hear!
 Endued with wisdom, but of heart severe;
 Tritonian maid, arm'd with resistless power,
 The wakeful guardian of the peopled tower,
 Who from Jove's awful head sprung forth to light,
 In golden panoply superbly dight;
 And while the glittering spear thy hands essay'd,
 Olympus trembled at the martial maid.
 Affrighted Earth sounds from her deepest caves,
 And swell of Ocean's tides the sable waves.—
 The turgid billows sink—on heaven's high plains
 His steeds the son of Hyperion reins,
 Till Pallas lays her arms divine aside, [pride.
 While Jove, his daughter views with conscious
 Daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove, farewell!
 Soon shall a nobler strain thy actions tell.

TO VESTA AND MERCURY.

VESTA, whose presence every dome will grace,
Of heavenly inmates or man's meaner race ;
Honour'd of old—no festive board is spread,
But first to thee the free libation's shed ;
To thee and him who bears the golden rod,
Of Jove and Maia sprung, the herald-god.
Both deign to visit man's terrestrial race,
Endow with virtue, and with beauty grace.
Hail, Saturn's daughter !—Hermes, hail ! again
Soon shall I greet ye in a nobler strain.

TO THE EARTH.

FIRMEST and first of things ! prolific Earth !—
To whom all Nature being owes, and birth :
For all who tread the soil, or wing the skies,
Or cleave the ambient wave, from thee arise.—
Hail, awful Mother ! whose productive womb
Of short-lived man's the cradle and the tomb.
Happy on whom thy powers their gifts bestow,
On them shall wealth and plenty ever flow.
Theirs the fair herd, the fields by labour till'd,
The garner still by copious harvests fill'd ;
Theirs every joy of social life to taste,
Guarded by equal law, by beauty grac'd ;
Happy and rich, while dancing frolic round,
Their sons and daughters beat the flowery ground.

Hail, mother of the gods! Wife to the sky!
 Thy suppliant votary view with favouring eye;
 Receive with bounteous hand my humble strain,
 Soon shall I greet thy friendly power again.

TO THE SUN.

DAUGHTER of Jove! Calliope! the lay
 Sing to the radiant power that rules the day:
 Whom, to the son of earth and sky, of yore
 Euryphaessa bright-eyed goddess, bore.
 For fir'd by love, lo! Hyperion led¹
 His lovely sister to the nuptial bed;
 Of glorious children an illustrious race
 Rose from the ardour of the fond embrace.
 The rosy-arm'd Aurora, Luna bright,
 And Sol, o'er earth and heaven who sheds his light,

¹ The common opinion of the mythological genealogy of the Sun and Moon, and their being the same with Phœbus and Diana, is not only completely confuted by this and the subsequent Ode, but also by Hesiod; in whose *Thegony*, v. 371, we find—

‘Yielding to Hyperion’s ardent love,
 The Sun and radiant Moon that roll above,
 And the bright Morn, whose roseate beams display
 To men and gods the cheering light of day,
 Fair Thea bore.’

And in v. 405, Phœbe (which name does not occur in any part of Homer) is made the mother, and not the daughter of Latona.

‘To Cœus’ genial couch was Phœbe led,
 Who with Latona bless’d his happy bed.’

Borne by immortal coursers through the skies,
Terrific splendour flashing from his eyes;
Floating in air his robes and helm display
Effulgence keen, intolerable day;
Till, run his course, in Ocean's western wave
His panting steeds their glowing bosoms lave.

From thee proceeding, radiant lord of light!
To heaven's inferior powers I shape my flight:
The demigods whom, sprung from mortal race,
For glorious deeds the gods immortal grace.

TO THE MOON.

DAUGHTERS of Jove! Ye tuneful Muses, pay
Now the soft strain to Luna's milder ray;
From whose celestial brow the streaming light
Gilds with refulgent beam the shades of night.
Wash'd in the Ocean-wave, thy garments shine,
Lovely thy form, with lustre all divine.
Rising full-orb'd, thy chariot through the air,
With floating manes thy rapid coursers bear:
Then thy bright beams in full luxuriance shine,
The swains rejoicing in the heavenly sign.

From this fair power and the embrace of Jove
Pandeia sprung, the fruit of secret love:
Pandeia, bless'd with charms of form and face,
The first and fairest mid the' immortal race.

Hail, white-arm'd goddess! beauteous Luna, hail!
From thee beginning shall my tuneful tale
The glorious deeds of demigods rehearse,
Sung by the Muse in never-dying verse.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

YE bright-eyed Muses, to the warbling string
The' illustrious twins of Jove and Leda sing.
Pollux renown'd for every virtuous deed,
And Castor skill'd to tame the fiery steed :
Whom 'neath Taygetus high mountain's shade,
Where Saturn's son compress'd the yielding maid,
Twin sons she bore ; by favouring heaven design'd
To watch with guardian care o'er humankind.
For, dreadful when the wintry tempests sweep
The boiling bosom of the billowy deep,
The mariners with sacrifice and prayer
Invoke the friendly powers potent to spare.
Though o'er the half sunk bark the raging tide
Seem with triumphant wave in act to ride :
Wafted by golden pinions on the gale
The god's propitious flight the seamen hail.
At once the elemental discords cease,
And the tumultuous sea is hush'd to peace :
Joy fills the bosoms of the naval train,
Freed from the toils and dangers of the main.

Hail, ye Tyndaridæ ! who urge the speed,
And guide the progress of the generous steed ;
Soon shall the Muses in another lay
The rising glory of your deeds display.

EPIGRAMS

AND

SHORT POEMS,

FROM THE LIFE OF HOMER, ASCRIBED TO
HERODOTUS.

EPIGRAMS,

&c.

TO THE CUMÆANS.

REVERE the race whose hospitable dome
Yields to the houseless wanderer a home.
Cuma's high towers plac'd in the plains below, }
Where proud Sardene lifts her woody brow, }
Sacred to Jove where Hermus' waters flow ; }
O bear me to those walls, secure to find
The liberal heart, join'd to the prudent mind.

ON MIDAS.

O'ER Midas' tomb, a Maid of brass, I lie ;
High wave the trees, light flows the fountain by :
Alike to me when Sol's bright beams arise,
Or milder Luna gilds the midnight skies.
Long as across the plain the river glides
To meet the briny Ocean's swelling tides,
Here ever will I stay, with tearful eyes,
Here tell the' inquiring traveller Midas lies.

*HE LAMENTS HIS BLINDNESS TO
THE PEOPLE OF CUMA.*

AN infant in my mother's arms, 'twas given
To me this lot by unpropitious heaven.
Mid the Phriconian race, by Jove decreed,
To dare the martial plain, and curb the steed.
Æolian Smyrna, near the Ocean-wave,
Whose fields Melete's sacred waters lave.
There the bright virgins from Saturnius sprung,
Joining my lays, the happy regions sung.
The stupid crowd around, a barbarous train,
Deride the voice divine and heavenly strain.
Vindictive punishments their crimes await,
Myself involv'd in their unhappy fate :
Ev'n in my infant years condemn'd to find
The deepest misery of humankind.
Feeble my limbs, unable now to stray
Mid Cuma's walls, uncertain of my way :
Intent to foreign regions to retreat,
And find a distant though an humble seat.

THE

BEGINNING OF THE LESS ILIAD.

DARDANIAN fields I sing, and Ilium's towers ;
Sad source of woe to Græcia's martial powers.

¹ See Aristotle, Poet : Ch. xxiii.

TO THESTERIDES.

THESTERIDES, though much unknown we find,
Nought so uncertain as the human mind.

TO NEPTUNE.

NEPTUNE, whose trident shakes earth's firm domain,
O'er wide and fertile Helicon who reign ;
Give to the mariners, our bark who guide,
Safely to measure back the stormy tide ;
Give us high Mima's rocky site once more
In safety, peace, and honour to explore :
And to chastise the race whom fraud could move
To violate the rites of hospitable Jove.

TO GLAUCUS THE GOATHERD.

GLAUCUS attend !—your dogs' assiduous breed
Before the cote with care be sure to feed :
So shall they watch—nor man nor beast invade
The strong inclosure where your flocks are laid.

TO THE SAMIAN PRIESTESS.

KIND fostering mother, let thy favouring care
Turn from the youthful band the yielding fair ;
With love of aged swains their breasts inspire ;
Weak though their limbs, yet strong is their desire.

ON THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

CHILDREN their parents', towers the city's pride,
Steeds grace the champain, ships the briny tide,
And wealth the splendid mansion ; still more bright
Beams from that hallow'd dome the sacred light
Where monarchs sit, by awful heaven consign'd
To judge the various rights of humankind.

A FRAGMENT.

ACHILLES' warlike son, then from the shore
To his strong vessel, Hector's widow bore ;
His infant son torn from the nurse's care,
Grasping the foot he whirls around in air ;
Then throwing from the tower's embattled height,
He fell and clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Andromache, great Hector's bride, his spoil
Given by the Greeks, the guerdon of his toil.

But far above the rest of Trojan race ¹
Anchises' warlike son the' Achaïans grace :
For to Æneas and his barks they gave
A safe and friendly conduct o'er the wave.

¹ See Bergler's Preface, xviii. That Troy was betrayed to the Greeks by Æneas, was the received opinion before Virgil wrote.

FINIS.

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